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NOELL. NELL THE LIGHT-KEEPER'S TREASURE.

A ROMANCE

Of England, France and Italy.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MARQUIS DE BRANDT.



his family. They were reputed to be immensely rich, and the lavish expenditure they indulged in gave evidence that shele wealth must be princely.

The family of de Brandt consisted of his wife and three children (a son and two daughters), and his household—servants, grooms, pages and antachies—numbering some three scores of persons. His stud of horses embraced several of the finest in Europe, his domain was one of the most extensive in the whole south of France, and he lived as if for the purpose of enjoying life in its best attire and to its fallest extent. His income was enormous, and he dealt is out with a liberal hand, in all the ramifications of his intercourse with those who surrounded or dealt with him or his.

The marquis was a hale and powerful built man of fifty, with a somewhat rugged and harsh extention, but possessing rare good qualities of mind and heart. His general appearance was the more rough from his habit of permitting his heavy dark beard to grow unaborn, and his continual exposure of himself to out-of door exercise in the field or upon the water. How as a perfect Nimrod in the hunt, and a Neptune on the waves. No weather was to boisterous for him, no teason too inlement; his constitution seemed of iron, his will was impetatous, and his enjoyment consisted almost entirely in being abroad in the open air, from January to December.

His wife, somewhat his juntor in years, was

abroad in the open air, from January to December.

His wife, somewhat his junior in years, was
the personification of dignity, grace and goodbreeding. Benevolent to a fault, she lived apparently to do good to her neighbor; and
a long list of pensioners upon her generous bounty
had cause to bless her charity and kindsess.
The son was a sickly youth, now eight or nine
years old, whose chance for a prolonged existence was very dubious, and who was almost
constantly housed—in the care of a nurse—lest
ready with the standard property of the contraction of the standard property of the conrent's wealth commanded, and scattering the income of their almost royal fortune everywhere
around them, with an unsparing and commendable discretion.

At the opening of the fashionable season in Paris.

around them, with an unsparing and commendable discretion.

At the opening of the fashionable season in Paris, the marquis proposed to visit the capital, with his lady and two daughters. A large detachment of servants were selected from the household, and a suitable establishment was left behind in charge of their country estate, in the meantime. Superb carriages, elegant horses and caparisons, liveried lacqueys, grooms, pages, escretaries and footmen made up the retinue of the marquis, whose entre since the great city was the occasion of a marked sensation among the world of fashion and quality assembled there for enjoyment and mutual display.

The style of living set upat Paris by de Brandt rivalled that of royalty. There seemed to be no lack of l'argent a l'ow in his outlays. His society and that of his agreeable family was courted by the wealthy and bonorable from all

nations sojourning there, and a continual round of gaiety, balls, fetes, and routs, kept them con-tinually on the qui vive, from week's end to week's

end.

In the midat of the reason, as Wilford was basily engaged one day in his studio upon the now half-completed "Madonna," which he had designed, ance for the strange lady who had left it to his own taste to select his subject, his door opened without warning and an old familiar voice accested him with:

"Will." miboy! How are you this morning?"

"Menfred!" exclaimed the artist, springing up and warning grasping the extended pain of his early friend, "Manfred, I am delighted to see you."

see you."
"I am rejoiced to find you, Wilford. And the more so, that I hear the most glowing accounts of your success. How are you getting

on?"

"Never so well, my good friend, thanks to your favor and the encouragement you have ex"And what is this?" ached Munfred, examining the exquisite design upon which the painter was engaged.

"One of my own, Manfred, intended for an unknown patron, who has flattered me by ordering whatever I chose to exceed for her, without limit as to price. I intend to give her a "Madonna" after my own conception of the virgin. How do you like the design?"

"Admirable, miloy! Soperke, as we Frenchmen should say," replied Manfred, enthasiastically. "I had no idea you had so wonderfully improved, though I have seen and heard of your remarkable progress of late."

"Thank, you, thank you," responded the artist. "But, do you know, when one gets fairly upon the high road to success, how easy it becomes the province of flatterers to unge one forward! In your case, Manfred, I do not mean this to apply, because I know your goodness and your frankness of heart. But the world—Manfred—the great mull world of admirers of our art are impulsive, and they move on thought-lessly, as their associates or their superiors may chance to dictate. I am doing well, professionally, and I find no fault with my good fortune."

"I am glad to know it," continued Manfred, still gazing at the "Madonna" upon the casel. But, Wilford—the likeness, here—who sad for it?"

Wilford smiled, and said "do you really think Wilford smiled, and said "do you really think

Wilford smiled, and said "do you really think

Wilford smiled, and said "do you really think so?"

"Sarely, miboy, neither you nor I can mistake that face."

"Then I must alter the features, somewhat."

"Never a jot, man I for your reputation "warmly exclaimed his friend. "A purer, softer gealer countenance—and one more appropriate, you could whit. Complete its it is, all that you could wish. Complete its it is, all that you could wish. Complete its it is, all that you could wish. Complete its it is, all that you could wish. Complete its it is, all that you could wish. Complete its it is, all that you could wish. Complete its it is, all that you could wish. Complete its will be supported from the canvas here—subdued, confiding, purified, resigned—incomparable!"

"My thoughts sere turned to Nelly," said Wilford, quietly, "when I designed this picture; but I did not thin the likeness overnarbable. Here, Manfred," added the painter, pointing to his inner room, and raising the currain that covered his favorite work. "Ted! me what you think of this "" Manfred starred back with surprise and ejaculated:
"Perfection, Wilford! It is Nelly's second self! I see it, now—the difference is sufficiently."

self! I see it, now—the difference is sufficiently marked. But this is Nelly, surely. Ah, miboy, she was a sweet girl, to be sure. Did you ever think so, particularly, when she was alive?" asked Manfred.

sked Manfred.
"Did Inothave cause to know this, Manfred!"
"True, you had indeed. But you never spoke
fit, especially."
"Was I not thoroughly grateful to the
"National".

Noells "!"

"Yes, yes. But then—you didn't, perhaps, fully appreciate the—that is, I mean to say, I never knew that you.—a."

"You mean that you did not see me fall in love with Nelly, propose to her, marry or clope with her, and wake up from so foolish a dream of

boys' play to a realisation of the simple face that I was but a poor penniless arist, waiting on my good friends for bread, and that I had seized upon a poorer but confiding girl, hitherto contented and happy, whose rain must follow upon my recklifsness and porerty. Is not that what you mean to convey in' "Well, milowy, I now yellow proceed for more good sense than I thought you really possessed I' said Manfred, pleasantly, "You are correct. I did think you would carry your graittude further than you did. Her fats was a worse one, at last, though! But you have most rethinfully preserved poor Nelly's features. You have not sold this pictures ""
"No, no."
"Then it is mine—"sh! miloy, it is mine. Mine, at any figure you may choose to put upon it—but remember, mine."
"I have already refused at thousand crowns for the sizemy. Manfred."

it—but remember, mine."

"I have already refused a thousand crowns for that picture, Manfred. The very lady for whom I am exceuting the 'Madonna,' yonder, insisted on my parting with it. I offered her a copy, but she would have only originals, she said, and I declined her generous proposal."

"A thousand crowns! Upon my word, you are getting famous."

"I will not self it, Manfred; but, when I part with it, as all, I will send it to you, at Burton House."

Honse." "Enough, it is really beautiful."
"And how long have you been in town t"
"I came in the last diligence from Ronen, an hour ago."
"Are you alone? Come to my hotel."
"Are you alone? The form the Marquise de Brands, who gives the grande fite to-morrow and next day. Have you heard of it?"

month."

"And you will go, then i"

"I did not intend to, but since you will be
there, I shall certainly avail myself of the politeness of the marchioness. Who are your party i"
"Two couples from London, Miss Simplon,
my father and myself."

"Miss Simplon!"

"Yes; you have seen her, at Burton House, I think?"

"I remember," said Wilford, carelessly. "She

"I remember, "sau "I more," is very pretty."
"Yes, a rollicking madeap, though."
"A fortune-hunter," said Wilford, sareas-tically.
"A clever girl, in her way, novertheless," insisted Manfred.

sisted Manfred.
"But not successful," added Wilford, again.
"Not yet," concluded Manfred. "You are sharp, to-day!"
The subject was dropped, and the friends shortly after left the stadio, in company for a stroll.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FETE OF THE MARCHIONESS DE BRANDT

THE PETE OF THE MARCHIONESS DE BRANDT.

ALL Paris was alive with enthusiasm as the splendid/sice procached, and the magnificence of the preparations caused the names of the illustrious marquis and marchioness of Brands to be on everybody's lips.

At midnight, a long line of brilliant equipages had set down at the Hotel Moncrieffe their lordly burthers, and the spacious zelons of that spacious mansion were crowded with the city's diffe. The honors of the occasion were managed with exquisite good taste by the accomplished marquies, and her daughters were pronounced inapproachable in beauty and deportment. The family were comparative strangers in Paris, but their uncounted wealth had placed them at once at the head of fashionable society there.

there.

The extensive gardens of the hotel were bril-liantly illuminated, soft music floated from the The extensive gardens of the hotel were bril-liantly illuminated, soft music floated from the terraces and the balconies, the sparkling waters from a hundred fountains giltered in the colored lights, the air was cool and inviting, and scores of little groups were scattered along the paths and beneath the shadows of permanent or arti-ficial bowers of roses and evergreens—all filled with delight at the charming enjoyments prepar-ad for them.

ooth sexes were sauntering down the polished doors, examining the pictures and statuary, or noving in the mazy walts or gallop to soul-en-chanting melodies. The eye rested on a blaze of beauty, adorned with costly attire and glistenchanting melodies. The eye rested on a blaze of beauty, adorned with costly attire and glisten ing jewels. The ear drank in sweet sounds of bewitching music. The hearts of the multitude beat high with intoxicating pleasure, and the rith intoxicating pleasu ong were enthusiastic in

sion of their appreciation of the entertainment they were enjoying so deliciously.

Almost alone, and for a time quite unnoticed, could be seen the figure of a youth some three-and-twenty years old, perhaps, as the sauntered about the saloom, now nodding respectfully to a ledy of rank, and now taken momentarily by the hand by some sprig of nobility. It was young Wilford, the artist. He felt out of his sphere, here, and he sought the friends he had, expected to meet, from England. He shortly encountered Marifed, who approached him condially, with Miss Charlotte Simplon resting languidy upon his arm.

"Well, Wilford, I have been looking for you. Miss Simplon," he continued, pointing to his change, and presenting the lady, formally. "You remember her, I think ?"

Wilford bowed, and said he thought he had seen her as Patron House, some mouths previously—but he met with so many faces and his position called him so much into society that, really, he should scarcely have recognized her 1. This reply and the manner of Wilford in detivering it, though perfectly courteous to the car of Manfred (who knew nothing of his friend's rejection by the beaufild coguette), was not lost upon Miss Simplon. She felt the reproof keenly, but she could not resent it.

"Have you been presented to our charming host, Wilford' have been unable to meet with my friend the duchess, thus far," he said, disposed to allow Miss Simplon to understand who were just now among his friends!

"Join us, then," added Manfred, "and allow to introduce you. As to her dangheters, I have seen but one of them yet, but she is a magnificent creature."

"Join us, teen," added Manired, "and allow me to introduce you. As to her daughters, I have seen but one of them yet, but she is a magnificati creature, I saure you."

"I am greatly obliged to you, Manfred; but start you know him 5. He will officiate."
The count came up, Wilford presented him to Miss Simplon and her English companion, and homed bineaff large, sciliations.

red himself away, civilly.
Who did you call the lady, Wilford?" ask-

"Who did you call the lady, Wilford?" asked the count.

"Miss Simplon, or Simpleton—or some such name. An acquaintance- of the Manfreds, of Dover," said Wilford, indifferently.

Their conversation was interrupted by the approach of the host and hostess, near whom the count halted a moment, and then introduced his young friend Wilford, the English artist.

The marquis was a rather military looking man, than otherwise—tall, robust in form and stiff in his movements. Sporting an immense shock of long black hair and heavy untrimmed beard, he stalked about amid the crowd, a conjectious object of notice, especially as his estimable and lady-like consort, who hung upon his arm, was of a delicate figure, comparatively, and most unlike her liege lord in any particular whatever, save his politeness and urbanity of address.

whatever, save his politeness and urbanity of address.

"Wilford," said the marquis, whose voice was harsh and peculiar in sound, "my daughter," and a splendid woman curresied to the artist.

"I have heard of you, monsieur, and am highly gratified to meet you here. The Countess de Charmand and my noble friend the Duke of Heidelberg speak in glowing terms of you."

"I remember them gratefully," said Wilford.
"I have promised myself and hady the pleasure of calling at your studio at an early opportunity," cointinued the marquis. "Make your-self happy with us, here, and become acquainted with my daughter." He passed the young lady over to his charge, and taking the arm of Wilford, they moved down the saloon.

The arrist was fashionably dressed in a simple sait of black, and as he moved about among the jewelled and giddy throng, with one of France's

suit of black, and as he moved about among the jewelled and girdly throng, with one of France's fairest daughters, he was the object of envy to more than one "titled insignificance" who followed in his wake. Wilford was happy, and never in better good nature with himself and all the world about him, than he now was.

"And you tell me," said the gay Miss Simplon, as she lottered along upon Manferd's arm, "you say that Mr. Wilford is acquiring a fortune, rapidle?"

it, too."
"He was but so-so as an artist, at home

surely."

"He has improved astonishingly, I assure you. The latent talent talent he possessed has been marvellously developed, in the past year or two, and he has recently produced several pictures that rival the best efforts in the Louvre."

"Is it possible !"

"Is it were so. He numbers among his present patrons, some of the choicest comosiscurs in the result: and the mobility of Panea are above.

em partons, some or the enorest combissions in the realm; and the nobility of France are show-ering fortune on him, literally."

"You surprise me," continued Miss Simplon, with considerable feeling.

the marquis," said Manfred. "Upon my w Wilford is looking in fine spirits; to-night." The speaker little knew how this attention the rejected suitor rankled in the coquer

Wilford joined the lady's parents, a afterwards, and as he did so, a gentleman

Brandi.

Wilford saw her, and a sudden paleness shot across his handsome face, as if he had been shocked with fainness.

"Are you all; monsieur+" inquired the marchioness, quickly, observing the painter's confusion.

"Your pardon," said Wilford, "no-no. I saw a lady, yonder-a-face that as strongly resembled another I once knew, and who is gone to a brighter world than this—that I was struck with the singular and astonishing counterpart. I pray you excess me, madam—who is she in

with the singular and astonishing counterpart. I pray you excuse me, medam—who is she in the pink tulle, youder?!

"That is our eldest daughter, monsieur. I owe you an apology for omitting to present you. Allow me, monsieur."

A moment after, Wilford was enjoying the brilliant conversation of the most lovely being his eyes ever rested out! At lesse, such was his present conviction.

CHAPTER XV.

THE fair creature who had so singularly in-terested Wilford, was tall in form, but of splea-did figure, and the dress she wore exhibited her stature to excellent advantage. Her halv was vars. As-k. and her even were clearly bite. a curi-ous combination, and not common. She con-versed finently and gully but only in French— circumstance of some disadvantage to Wilford, who could as yet manage the language but in-differently.

The brilliant beauty was constantly surround-ed by courtiers and flatterers, for each and all of whom she seemed to have a ready 'on mot, preferring none, but rather dispensing her jests, her attentions, and her favors to all around her, alike.

aikie. On the ravour to an avound and he will and her will all the Wilford was in raptures with her wit and her charms—and but for her height of figure, her freshead color, and his knowledge that Nelly had long sine departed, he would have sworn—at first sight—that Nelly Noell stood before him!

instanced cotof, and his knowings that Noily had long sine departed, he would have sworn—at first sight—that Nolly Noell stood before him! "Do you not observe the resemblance, Manfred?" he carnestly inquired of his friend, who came up soon after his introduction. "The mouth, the eyes, the chim—her tout ensemble—upon my oath, it is very like our lost Nelly." Manfred smiled. "Really, Wilford," he said, "your charming Nell is strongly impressed upon your imagination! You make Madonans and chefs-deurse of her at home, and you transform all the besuiful giris you chance to meet into fresh Nelly Noells. You have a happy fancy, to be sure!" "But, surely, you can see the similitude, Manfred?"
"I am not a painter, and cannot create images like yourself, Wilford."
"True. But you will admit that—"
"Yes, I admit there is a likeness. But Nelly was not so tall, nor of this wax-work style of beauty. Nelly was rugged and ruddy, not so pale and artificial. At any rate, Nelly was not the daughter of the Marquis de Braudt, miloy, a peronage very different, in. my limited experience, to a light keeper's daughter. Ha, ha! Wilford—this is curious in you, upon my life if west had been a difficult of the feeling that so remarkable a resemblance was scarcely possible, and yet the proof of the fact was before his cyes. He sought the hand of Helen for the walts, and the graciously honored him. As he swept through the dreamy whirl, to delect tones of masic, and clasped her delicate zone, how did the thrill of cottacy rush to his heart, while he looked into chase sweet blue eyes, so like the long-lost Nelly's!
Wilford was in love! Impetuous as he had Wilford was his heart, who he sweet him.

Wilford was in love! Impetuous as he had been on another occasion, when he vowed himself the ndorre of Charlotte Simplon, he would now be equally rash, and was ready, ay! anxious for the appropriate opportunity to throw himself at the beautiful Heler's feet, and own himself her slave. So fascinating was her manner, so free and unconcerned her demeanor, who, least of all, seemed by her conduct to be in the slightest degree conscious of her area utractions, that Wilford would have sank before her, in presence of all the world, and acknowledged himself conquered by her charms.

Wilford was determined! He looked the ground over, hastily. but like a conscious of the ground were hastily. but like a conscious of the ground over, hastily. but like a conscious of the ground over, hastily. but like a conscious of the ground over, hastily. but like a conscious of the ground over, hastily. but like a conscious of the ground over, hastily. but like a conscious of the ground over, hastily. but like a conscious of the ground over hastily. but like a conscious of the ground over hastily. but like a conscious of the ground over hastily. but like a conscious of the ground over hastily. but like a conscious of the ground over hastily. but like a conscious of the ground over hastily. but like a conscious of the ground over hastily. rd was in love! Impetuous as he had

nd over, hastily, but like an accompl

Helen was the proud daughter of a general. Herein was two proud nagner or a moble house, whose wealth was untold, whose position was among the aristocracy of France. In herrelf, she was worthy the hand of a prince, and could command a match among the first families of the kingdom. Wilford was poor in purse, but wealthy in talent. He was obscure in family lineage, but he had a self-made and en-viable fame. He was without title, a plain citzen, who made no pretence to blood or for-tune, yet he possessed a whole heart, a clear head, and a noblenees of purpose, such as was rarely found combined in ordinary mortals. He resolved to win the fair being who had thus sud-denly entranced him, and he did not hesitate so to inform young Manfred, his confidente and friend.

Friend.

The Marquise de Brandt was an observing man, notwilbstanding his seeming rigidity of manner. And he was not alone in marking the palpable impression which his beautiful daughter had made on the young artist. If he had been displeased with Wilford's manifold attentions, he would not have heeitated an instant in giving the impettous young man frash notice of it. As it was, he said to himself—"the is a bold fellow, that same Wilford, and may be trusted." The painter's battle was half won, already!

"Courage, milboy—courage, Wilford!" exclaimed Margfred as he ware his se hour of two

or, "you are favored far above your fellows. ward! You have a fair field, a noble start,

later, "you are favored far above your fellows. Onward! You have a fair field, a noble start, and you must win!"

"She's an angel, Manfred."

"She's an angel, Manfred."

"Made up of blue ores, a pearly akin, fair neck and roy lips, miboy—an angel of good substantial fiesh and blood! You are excessable in this affair. Really, I sympathize with you. She is a prise. Win her and wear her, if you can; she is worthy of your madness!"

The fete concluded with a superb and costly dinner. Young Wilford ast on the right of this accomplished inamorata, and Manfred found it convenient and agreeable to be easted beside the first Hortense, her younger sister. The marquise was affable and pleasant, the marchioness was indefatigable in her efforts to please her guests, and when the party at last broke up, the fash-ionable world pronounced the entertainment, par excellence, the most perfectly recherche affair of the year in Paris.

The artist and his companion were among the very last at the leave-taking. If Wilford had not made an impression, he felt that it had been for no fault in his own efforts. Ho was aware of the ordinary difficulties attending his perilous enterprise, but he had fairly launched his boat, and he believed he could so navigate his bark as to reach the desired haven with a moral degree of certainty.

He had never stopped to inquire whether the

to reach the desired haven with a moral degree of certainty.

He had never stopped to inquire whether the charming Helen were under any other possible engagement, he did not think of asking himself, or any one else, whether she were already affinized. She was single, he loved her, wildly, and he fattered himself that he could secure her to binself, against any and all odds!

They parted. Wilford returned to his labors foothwith, for his "Madonna" must be completed in a few days, the three months since it was ordered having well nigh expired.

"Who do you think the likeness here most favors, Wilford's asked Manfred, a few days after the fets, pointing to Nelly's portrait in his friend's room.

after the fets, polating to Nelly's portrait in an friend's room.

Wilford smiled, and did not reply.

"I really looks like de Brandi's daughter. A few touches here and there would make it perfect. Make an Helen of it, Wilford."

"Thank you, my friend—but I prefer the original," said the artist, "if I can get it."

THE LIGHT KEEPER'S TREASURE

With must go back, once more, to the night when Harry Noell embarked on board his yacht at Beachy Point, after placing in the hold of the Waif his newly acquired and enormous treasure. It will be remembered that the light-keeper did not waste any time in gathering together much property that had previously belonged to him. He got the gold and silver aboard and snugly stowed, and then summoning his daughter, who took such clothing only as was necessary for change of dress, and they put to sea with a week's provisions, bidding a final and eternal adieu to be ragged shore where they had dwelt so long, and labored so hard.

The wind blew fresh from the northwest, and as soon as all sail was set that he could carry, Noell put away before it down the coast, uncertain where he should halt, or what he should do, after clearing the British jurisdiction. His first act was to remove the gilded scroll that bore the name of Waif under the stern of his vesse, had his next was to explain himself to his daughter. "Nelly," he said, "we shall return to Beachy Head no more."

Head no more."

"What, father—never return 1"

"What, father—never return 1"

"Never, daughter: listen to me. You have been a witness to what has recently happened at the light—how the two men were drugged and pinioned, and how busy I have since been, up to the moment we were ready to leave the point."

"I knew that something strange had occurred, but I have no idea, even now, of the reasons which prompted you to use them as you did."

"I will tell you. For seven long weeks those two villains have deceived us. While they pre-tended to be government officers, they were only robbers, who, by some singular, and to me unknown means, obtained a knowledge of the burial of an immense treasure, beneath our very roof known means, obtained a knowledge of the burial of an immense treasure, beneath our very roof—have been employed in digging up the earth, in their secret apartment, where they altength discovered and secured the wishel for valuables, which they got in complete readiness, to-night, to bear away. This afternoon I sought to examine the premises, during their temporary absence at the village, and found it as I have thus hastily explained to you—a measive heap of gold and silver—of almost incredible value !" It is to notable ?"

ment and terror—for so much wealth alarmed me, Nelly—and while I gazed on the jars, and chests and hoxes of coin and precious stones before me, I unddenly heard approaching footsteps. I tarreed around, heard is loud oath muttered, and saw two pistols in the hands of those men, levelled at my breast! "Stand!" they cried, "or good die!" I owned that myseariosity had carried me too far, offered to keep their secret, and proposed to them to share their spoils, since it had been found under my roof, and had cost them only a few days' labor to secure it—but they rejected my offers, and allowed me, magnanimously, to depart with my life! I centered the house, thought of the narcoting, drugged their wine—and, you know the rest."
"But where are we bound ""

you know the rest."
"But where are we bound ?"
'Yes; I had forgot. During the evening, while you slept, I removed the ballast from the yacht, and placed every coin, every jewel, safely in the hold of the Waif. The men still slept—"

ly in the hold of the walf. The men sui slept—" "only slept, father t"
"Only slept, daughter—there is no fear on that score. It is a powerful opiate, and sudden in its effect; but they cannot be harmed by it, after a few hours. I say while they still slept, I called you, we embarked, and we shall never return again to Beachy Head. If the property be not mine, it is not theirs; and I will be aveng-ed on them."
"How creatisits value father 2" asked Nolt;"

return again to Beachy Head. If the property be not mine, it is not theirs; and I will be averaged on them."

"How greatis its value, father?" asked Nelly.

"I have not the remotest idea. I have secured it all, and I assume the responsibility of the act, alone, my daughter. Never allode to it, if possible, from this hour. Confide in my discretion, as you have ever done, and leave the event to me."

The wind favored them, and, after eight days' sall, they run into a small port on the southerly coast of France. Here a few rough casks and boxes were procured, and the treasure was land-do in asfety. The yacht was sold to a band of smugglers at a good round sum, and Noell disappeared with his daughter and his booty. Before quitting this place, he met with the account of the burning of the light, and had the opportunity of smilling at the asspicions that had been excited in regard to the fatte of himself and Nelly! This was a fortunate turn to the affair, and he availed himself of the advantages it presented for his future safety. He proceeded to Lishon, then to Madrid, at each place, through means of the wealthy Jews there, succeeded in reducing his bulk of gold and silver, and from time to time turning his jewels and effects into cash or hills of credit, until all was disposed of, and he found himself rich almost beyond calculation. He finally left Madrid, and nothing more was known of him for a long period of time.

time.

The two pretended officials of the British government, who came so near to being "gentlemen of fortune," arrived at Dover and quickly made their way towards the north, with what little they had contrived to secure to themselves, and caged for forgery. The captain received an injury some-shee, by falling from his horse, while on a marmuding expedition, and died from the wound. The lieutenant shandoned his swindling life, and became a better member of society, utilizately—but he never saw or heard of the light-keeper from the hour he was drugged at Beachy Head.

keeper from the hour he was drugged at Beachy Head.

The Marquis de Brandt had been a widower for some years. While sejourning, temporarily, at Marseilles, he met with a blooming widow, with two children and a splendid fortune, and he wooed and won her. He had but one child of his own—Helen, whom we have already described—and the union of the two families proved a happy and congenial one. The marquis was very rich, in his own right; the united fortunes of Madame Dessaret and his own placed them among the wealthiest families in all Europe, and we have seen how they lived, and how they dispensed the income of the splendid means they enjoyed.

we have seen how they lived, and how they dispensed the income of the splendid means they enjoyed.

It will be remembered by the reader that the letter which Noell had left in the light-house, and which he supposed would find its way to the person whom he desired to take temporary some after he left was destroyed by the malicious captain, who fred the buildings. As it never reached its intended destination, all knowledge of the fate of Noell from that night was thus obliterated, and the world supposing him dead soon forgot him and his child. The Waif was repainted and so changed as not to be recognized, subsequently, and all trace of the light-keepr, of Nelly, or of the yacht, was permanently and effectually cut off.

Wilford continued to apply himself vigorously to the work on which he had been engaged for the strange ledy, and a few days before the time expired at which it was promised, the superb "Madonna" was completed and placed in readiness for impection and delivery to its owner.

CHAPTER XVII.

IMMEDIATRIX after the splendid entertainment given by the Marquise de Brandt, a round o elegant parties were put on the tapie, by the aristocracy of Paris—but the establishment of the former was at once broken up, as they purposed to pass a few weeks in Italy, prior to their return home, and the season was advancing. Great was the regret of the numerous newlymade friends of the marquis and marchioness, when this determination on their part was made marchically and the season of the seaso

when this determination on their part was made public, but none were more deeply affected by it than were young Wilford, and his friend Manfred. "This is unlucky," said the latter. "I had hoped the marquis would have tarried a little time, here, with his beautiful family, and give us an opportunity to become better acquainted with them. Besides, my father had arranged for it, and really insists, that they shall visit Burton House this season.

honor of an invitation yet, I should have gone over to England myself, for a few days, under

honor of an invitation yet, I should have gono over to England myself, for a few days, under those circumstances."

"You know you are always welcome to Burton House, milboy, and it doesn't need the formality of a card for my early friend to find ready admittance there, whenever he chooses. Of course, I intended you should join us—but they are positively off for Florence, I learn, at once."

"That is unfortunate, and I am disappointed. You need have no particular feeling about it, however, Manfred."

"Wilford, milboy, you are aware that I have have protrusjve of meeting with across of beautiful women, in my short experience, and you know that I have never yet treated any one individual of the other sex with partiality. When I saw the daughters of the lovely Manchioness de Brandt—the delicate Hortense and the blooming Helen—I confess to you that I changed my mind. I do not now think that all women are alike; there is a choice among them."

changed my mind. I do not now think that all women are allie; there is a choice among them."

Wilford started, perceptibly, at this altogether unexpected confession on the part of his friend, and a paleness quickly overspread his handsome features, as he rejoined:

"Is it possible, Manfred!"

"And why not, pray !"

"Yes—but, a.—who, which one do you.—I mean, do you really fancy either of the daughters of de Branda!"

"I confess to you, I do."

"And ahe will encourage you, Manfred !"

"I have reason to think so. But what is all this tremor and sensation, Wilford !"

"Tell me, Manfred, which of the twain—"

"An my dear fellow! The loveliest and sweetest, in my estimation, of course. But do not foar that I will attempt to gather the ripedient from your vineyard. No, no! You have made your own selection, and I wish you god-speed in your aim to win the hand of the sparkling and noble Itelen."

speed in your aim to win the hand of the spark-ling and noble Helen."
"Thanks, thanks—may good friend. Upon my honer, I would not be so startled again, for half this province!" exclaimed Wilford, as he recovered from the suspicion that Manfred, too, had fallen in lore with his choice!
"No. Hortense de Brandt is my bean ideal of a true-beared and lovely woman, Wilford. I am not titled, but in England, you know, money will purchase anything, if it be necessary, and in all other respects, I am not unequal to her. My fortune is and will be ample, and I have resolved to ask her hand in marriage, at the appropriate opportunity."

opportunity."
"I give you joy, Manfred, in advance, then
I could wish that my fortune were what it is not I could wish that my fortune were what it is not But, nil desperandum! I will earn my fortune. And I think, Manfred, that either Helen or Hor-And I think, Manfred, that either Helen or Hortense de Brandt are too sound in good judgment, and too well bred, to lag deep stress upon this 'property qualification,' alone, ch !'
"Yes, yes. But money is a very convenient thing, to be sure!"
"You are right, miboy, when one can have a plenty of it. When do they break up !"
"Knothwith. I must the intensions of the mornial tast evening, casually, and he linforms no that they will remove within the present week."
"Is not this decision made in great haste?"
"So it would seem, though I know little of their intended arrangements, save what is publicly announced."
"They will certainly allow us to pay them a parting call !"
"That is what I would propose."

arting call !"
"That is what I would propose."
"And you will soon return to Dover, Man-

fred 1"
"Yes, directly, for a few days. If you will join me, Wilford, I will proceed with you in the wake of the de Brandts, next month."
"To Florence, first, and then to Florence, Rome, and Naples."
"The very aim of my life 1" exclaimed Wilford. "I have longed to visit the classic ground of Raphael and his compers, for many years. I will go with press pleasure."

"The very aim of my life!" exclaimed Wilford. "I have longed to visit the classic ground of Raphael and his compoers, for many years. I will go with great pleasure."
"There is no other reason, of course, that would tempt you to visit this 'classic ground,' just at this present time, I suppose, Wilford 10, no, of course not," said Manfred, playfully. "But come, miloy, brush up this evening, and we will call at the Hotel Moncrieffe, and make our adieux to the family."

Agreeably to appointment, the two friends were set down from a modest culecke, at the door of de Brandt's mansion, at a rather early evening hoar. Notwithstanding the supposed unseasonableness of the time, they found the reception-rooms of the marquis througed with company, who had come on an errand similar to their own. The fair hostess was all smiles and radiancy, and the marquis—though as formal and stiff as ever—war as gracious as possible.

The lovers had hoped for the opportunity, on this occasion, to be able to enjoy a quiet tele-ete-ete with the two young ladies of whom they had become, at the same hour, enamored. But there was no such opportunity afforded. Carriage arrived after carriage, and sovers of the nollity crowded upon each other, coming and going, until past midnight; but the lovers had only the privilege of doing and asning whatever the rest of the malitinde were equally permitted to do and say, until their "call" had been protracted long beyond the period recognized by the rules of politic etiquetos, and they were obliged reluctantly to take their leave, without making any demonstration whatever.

Wilford ventured to take the hand of Helen Wilford ventured to take the hand of Helen de Brandt in his own, at the moment of returing.

remeratinty to take their feave, without making any demonstration whatever.

Wilford ventured to take the hand of Helen de Brandt in his own, at the moment of retiring, and was bold enough to say, in bad French:

"Adieu, ma'amoiselle. We have greatly enjoyed the society of yourself and your noble father's agreeable family, and have only to regret that your stay at Paris has been, unfortunately, so very brief. I trust that we shall soon have the happiness to meet you again."

"Adieu, monsieur!" said the beauty, winnighy, still resting her beautiful hand in the grasp of the artist, "nous allons d'Ralie. Pia beaucoup de reconaziance pour votre attention. Adieu i jusqu'au revoir."

Farewell, Manfred," added Hortense, good-

naturedly, "if you visit Naples or Florence this season, pray find us. We shall be absent three months or more, and then you will surely come to our chateau, if we do not see you, meantime?"

me?"
Wilford kissed the hand of Helen de Brandt
and the two young centlemen retired, in the hap and the two young ger piest possible mood.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BEGGAR GIRL OF THE PONT DES FLEURS

THE RIGGAR CHR. OF THE POST DISS PIKURB.

THE family of do Brandt had been gone several days, and Manfred had returned to England.
Wilford was alone in his studio, and as the time had come round when his Madonaw are to have been ready, he looked for the return of the lady who had ordered it. Prompt in his own share of the contract, the picture was duly finish ed; and on the morning that the time expired a carriage halted again before his door, from which emerged his satrange patron, who imme disately entered his partment, accompanied a disately entered his partment, accompanied a before by her liveried attendant.

Boojour nonsieur! I am happy to see you.*

"Bonjour, monsieur! I am happy to see you," she said. "I hope you have found leisure to complete the picture I ordered, three months ago to-day?"
"Madame, I did not forget my promise. The

ago to-day **'

"Madame, I did not forget my promise. The subject, you remember, you left to my own selection. I chose the 'Madonna,' after a conception of my own, and I am happy to say that it is completed. Will it please you to examine its."

It is "

The artist felt not a little pride in pointing the lady to his recent admirable effort, which he considered the best composition he had ever executed. "Here it is, madame."

The lady did not raise her veil—a performance that Wilford most earnestly desired and watched for—but stood for a moment fixed, as a statue, before the beautiful design.

"Monsieur!" she exclaimed, after a moment's pause, "you have outdoon yourself. It is exquisite, everything that I could have wished. But, I observe, you have preserved the likeness I so much coveted."

"Because I fancied it would tolease you between the properties of the state of the sta

so much coveted."

Because I fancied it would !please you bettor, and I know of no features that would better
carry out my design."

"You did well, monsieur; I am more than
sadisfied. Make your own price upon it. My
steward will wait on you with a check for the
amount, and remove the picture, directly," and
the lady turned to go. amount, and remove the the lady turned to go.

"Might I venture to ask madame's address?"

"And volitely.

"I am a stranger in Paris, monsieur, a friend of the Countess de Charmand, who will inform you further, if you apply her. I am travelling, in cog.: and have no permanent address at present. My servant will call on you and take the Madonna, at evening. Good-day, Monsieur Wilford."

The lady had gone! Half an hour afterwards, a porteress knocked at his door, and inquired, "is this Monsieur Wilford."

"Walk in," said the painter, "I am Wilford."

"Thank you mondime." "I am a stranger in Paris, monsieur, a friend the Countess de Charmand, who will inform

rd."
"Thank you, monsieur, I will not tarry. He
a note which 'the lady in black' requested r

is a note which 'the lady in black' requested me to hand to you." You say?"

"What lady did you say?"

"I don't know who she is; all we know was that she lodged with nat our hotel, for a few days, and was known as the lady in black, from her uniformly sombre attire. She puid her bills in advance, and we never ask useless questions, you know, monsieur."

"Cest bien," replied Wilford, handing the

"Cet bien," replied Wilford, handing the woman a half crown piece.
"This is twice I have been paid for this ser-rice," said the porteress, chuckling to herself, quietly, and retiring.
Wilford saw that it was in Marie's hand-writ-ing, but he had long since given up the idea of ferretting her out by asking questions of her in-strements of communication. He could learn nothing from these people, who were either igno-rant or were interdicted by their employer, and so he proceeded to read this last missive from his unknown but zealous friend.

so be proceeded to read this last missive from his unknown but zealous friend.

"Wilford :=-this is the last favor you will receive from the hands of that Marie who loves you. There is no longer room in your heart for remembrance of the poor beggar-girl whom you might not advance with such rapid strides in fortune's path as to be forgetful that she still existed, and in secret worshipped you!

"Your head is turned, Wilford! The pomp and glitter of fashion, the pamperings of nobility, the success which your genius and your talents have commanded, a pair of melting blue eyes and the dainty skin of the daughter of a marquis have vanquished you. You are no longer the struggling painter, depending upon his daily exertions for his bread, for fortune has smiled on you, and fame, station, riches are and will be your reward.

"Little thought had you for poor Marie, when the titled and the wealthy crowded around, and caressed you. Why should you have's It is not in nature to unite oil and water. Your tastes and inclinations and aims, were different, and your objects are well-night gained. N'import, monsieur! You are right. Parsue the path you have chosen, follow up the prize held out to you, and in the person of Helen de Brantt, find one who is prouder and more worthy of your love than the hamble Marie!

"You would know who is 'Marie.' Once, fovere, let me answer your often-asked ques-

forever, let me answer your often-asked question. You imagine that the person whom you twice met upon the Pont des Fleurs, the beggargirl, was the same. This is an error. The first one was in the employ of the other, and she took this method of communicating with you, for reasons of her own. Since then, she has adopted her own way to confer with you. She sought to examine into your disposition, and satisfy herself whether cr not you were what she believed and hoped you were. On this points the is now content. When you least expected it,

'poor Marie' has since and often been near yon. She has dared to love you, not for your fame, your prospective future, or the honors that might accrue to you.—but for yourself, alone !

"Yon have given your heart to Helen de Brandt—be it so! But, have acare, O, Alfred Wilford! Saffer not the dazzling fortunes, the damitted beauty of even Helen de Brandt to intoxicate you, unless you prove her truth. Is she worthy of your affections? Is she gentle, loving, truthful, and will she be devoted to your future happiness, when she shall have had time to realise that she has taken to her arms the or your artist, 'only, though she might have been wedded to a prince? Think of all this, and step with caution.

'poor artist,' only, though she might have been wedded to a prince? Think of all this, and step wide caution.

'Mario will still love you, and will watch over you. You do not know her yet, but one day you shall see her, face to face. Hisherto you have deemed her poor and obscurs, though you have treated her disguise with respect. Know, now, that the Mario who addresses you through this means, for the last time, Wilford, has been nearer to you than you have ever dreamed, and has listened to your plaudits of the Nelly Noell, whom'you should have learned to love in life!

That Mario has heard you laud the charms of the poor light-keeper's child, whose image you so carefully preserve in your heart and in your studio. That Marie, believe me, Wilford, whom you have been so curious to meet, who loves you so devotely, and who would gladly share with you her ample fortune—were it not too late! that "Marie's is the recent purchaser of your." Madonna,' the veiled stranger in black—who, though she will still continue to be your friend, and will hereafter make herself known to you—now bids you a regretful adieu! and with a prayer for your continued presperity and happiness, subserible herself one more, Maniz."

"Jounds and confusion!" exclaimed the painter. "I will deep the preserved.

pines, subscribes herself once more, Ma.niz."

"Zounds and confusion!" exclaimed the paintier, "I will give a thousand crowns to meet his 'Marie' once more!"

But the "lady in black" had disappeared, the "Madonna" had been paid for and instantly removed, the portress had goon, and Wilford was more in the dark than ever as to this mysterious and now strangely liberal "beggar!"

He turned back the leaves of his memory, and away how interveroven was the receipt of all the letters from "Marie," in connection with the letters from "Marie," in connection with the letters from "Marie," in such as the letter from the strangent of the letters from the strangent of the s

buty? Still he studied, but he obtained no sastifactory reply.

"I shall know her hereafter," says Marie.

"Well that is some comfort. I will wait, dear Marie, I will wait?

In the hurry to get away from Paris, the marquis did not call at Willford's studio as he proposed, and he sent the artist the following apology:

posed, and he sent the artist the following apology.

"The compliments of the Marquis egrests that his time is limited to so short a period before leaving Paris for Italy, with his family, that he will not have the pleasure of waiting upon him at his studio, as he intended to do. The marthoness joins the young ladies in presenting parting respects to Monsieur Wilford.

Hotel Monterieffe, Evening."

DE BRANDT.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MEETING IN VENICE.

THE MERTINO IN VENICE.

This family of the Marquis de Brandt had been sojourning in Venice and Naples several weeks, and near three months had elapsed since they left Paris. Their style of living had been splendid, as was their custom, and during their visits in Italy they had passed the time gaily and amptuously. One evening as the sun was setting amidst all the glory of a southern sky, there arrived at the Hotel Anglaiserre two gentlemen, with a single male servant. They were modest in their bearing and attire, and little notice was accorded to them by the strange crowd around them.

accorded to them by the strange crowd around them.

The burthen of the conversation appeared to be devoted to the magnificant liberality of the marquis and his family, and to the singular deportment and questionable objects of a single other person who had engrossed a considerable share of public notice. This latter was a female, who was attended by a secretary and four of five attaches, and she was only known by the title of the "Lady in sables."

She was tall and graceful in person, but was exceedingly reserved in her intercourse with any one beyond her own attendants. Occasionally she had been seen to speak, briefly, with the family of the marquis, but she was known to mone others, and the mystery of her habits and bearing caused much remark, though none knew whence she came, or who she could be. Immediately upon the arrival of the two young men above spoken of—who booked finenselves as Manfred and Wilfort—they booked about to learn if the De Brandts were it town, and were gratified to learn that they had been domicited to Varies once three weeks. The next, day as

men above spoken of—who booked fhemselves at Manfred and Wilford—they booked about to learn if the De Brandts were in town, and were gratified to learn that they had been domiciled in Venices, some three weeks. The next day as they were on the point of passing out of the hotel, for the purpose of paying their respects to the marchioness, a lady in deep black entered a beautiful carriage near by, whose form was instantly recognized by Willford as his late mysterious patron in Paris!

"By Jove, Manfred!" exclaimed the artist, springing forward to obtain a view of the carriage, or the lady, or both, "there goes the purchaser of my Madonna."

"And what of all that?" responded Manfred, who knew nothing of the particular circumstances of that case, and who could therefore een or cason why his friend should quite 'jump out of his skin.' "What if it is, miboy? Don't make yourself ano lopte of remark, in public, in this way. Suppose she did! Ah! miboy, you don't know her story."

"Do you?"

"No. But I would give a round sum to find it out, to be sue."

"Well, she is gone for the present."

ut, to be sure."
Well, she is gone for the present."

"So I observe. That is her carriage, too, the same I noticed before the door of my studio in

"Here's an adventure to begin with, then."
"You shall see, Manfred. Do you remember
my mentioning the beggar girl of the Pont des my mentioning the Fleurs?"
"Yes."
"That is she!"

" Ynas to enc."
"Who ?"
"The lady in black."
"The lady in black 1"
"Well, who is the lady in black 4"
"Well, who is the lady in black 4"
"Well, Marrie, to be sure."
"Marie! This is another one, then."
"Well, understand me, now. You heard our neighbors here speak of the "May in sables," have you not?"

neighbors here speak of the 'lady in sables,' have you not?"
"Yes, yes."
"Well, is we stepped from our hotel, I overheard the remark from one of our countrymen, 'there she is again.' I looked, and beheld the purchaser of my Madonns, whose face I never saw, and whom I knew only as the 'lady in lack,' until I received a note from the beggaz girl—as I suppose—and signed Marie, informing ne that she had doubly disguised her intercourse with me, and that herself and my patron were the same person. Do you think I am not anxious to know her?"
"Well, I am not surprised. But, will you succeed!"

cceed?"
"I shall try, assuredly."
"How will you commenc
"I will call upon her."
"Where?"

"Hwill call upon ner."
"Where?"
"That remains to be ascertained," and Wilford; "but I shall contrive it. She has slipped
me several times, and if she doesn't know that
I am in Venice, I shall be certain to carry my
point. I cannot conceive why she preserves this
carious deportment towards me, insamuch as he
letters to me—if it be the same person—over the
signature of 'Marie,' were burthened with good
wishes and carnest sentiments of solicitude in
my especial behalf."
"You have corresponded with her, then !"
Wilford explained the whole of his romantic
secret, to his friend, who concluded that were he
precisely in Wilford's situation, he should feel
precisely as the artist did, without any doubt.
"And when rou meet this strange woman."

"And when you meet this strange woman, and learn all about her, if you effect it," asked Manfred, "what will you have gained?"
"That is in the future, too, my boy. But here we are."

ere we are."

The friends had reached the temporary residence of the Marquis de Brandt, where they in-

The friends had reached the temporary resi-dence of the Marquis de Brandt, where they in-tended to call.

They found only the marchioness and Hor-tense, at leisure—Helen having accompanied her father out to examine some of the picture galleries. The ladies were delighted to see messieurs in Venice, where they had enjoyed their sojourn very pleasantly, and the fair mar-quise and the fairer Hortense never looked more charmingly. Manfred was especially pleased, and accepted their invitation to be social during his stay in Venice, with marked satisfaction.

"Helen will be glad to meet you here, mon-sieur," and it the marchioness, addressing Wil-ford, kindly, "and will be disappointed that you should not find her at home."

With promises to call again, early, the young gentlemen left. As they turned from the door, the carriage of the strange lady halted at the portal of the marquis.

"There she is, again it" said Wilford, to his "There she is, again it" said Wilford, to his

portal of the marquis.
"There she is, again!" said Wilford, to his friend. "This is unlucky, to be sure. Had we turried a moment longer, we might have had an introduction, without further trouble."
"Hadn't you better return?" said Manfred, proceedingly.

ovokingly.
Wilford knew better than to permit his zeal to
rge him to overstep the bounds of etiquette, so urge him to overstep the bounds of etiquette, so ridiculously, and he turned towards his lodgings, not a little annoyed with his morning's ill success.

nota little annoved with his morning's ill success.

"I am at a loss to concrive why this beggar, or princes, or whoever she may be," added Wilford, "should take this singular interest in my temporal affairs, and at the same time exhibit such wilful shyness about it all. If there were any reason why she should follow me, and advise me, and pay me extravagant sums for my pictures, and all that, I don't understand why she shouldn't permit me to know exactly who and what she is. Do you, Manfred 1"

"I cannot answer for her facetiousness."

"Execting I'D oyou call it thus 1"

"Executativity then, miloy How do you like that the Manfred sums."

"Benetious! Do you call it thus?"

"Eccutricity then, miboy How do you like that !"

"Bah! Manfred, you are a queer fellow. But what airshes me as strangely as all the rest, is, the strangely as all the rest, is, the strangely are strangely as all the rest, is, the strangely are strangely as all the rest, is, the strangely are strangely as all the rest, is, the strangely are strangely as a strangely as a strangely as a strangely as the strangely are strangely as the strangely a

what do you make out of that?" asked

what so you make out of that?" asked Winds so you nake out of that?" asked with the beggn?", said Manfred, coolly, "you will obey the sumous, if course. Perhaps also will turn out to lean officer of the Inquisiton, in disguise. Call, allowly, by all means."
Wilter was confounded.
Wilter was be confounded.
Wilter was per continued Manfred, "that he was the portrait painted, and desires to give you a free portrait painted, and desires to give you a free her. "So will thus be enabled to see her." "Some Now Wilhout being called upon to invest as "thousand crowns."

ing called upon to invosta' inousand crumathe operation,
"You are perfectly heartless in this matter,
Manfred. But, I will go. I am determined
upon seeing her face, at the determined
"Go on, mitory, I wish you all secess. I have
"Go on, mitory, I wish you all secess. I have
not doubt she will prove a anget, or a sprite, or
comething between the two Go, by all means,"
And Wilford did go, as the eard indicated.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PAPA'S NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

THE SHAGOLINE A. SOULE.

THE SHAGOWS of evening were creeping slowly over the great city, hanging in wiered-like folds about the loffy steeples; dropping in dark, cloud-like patches upon the broad avenues and trailing deep black lines through the narrow lanes and up and down the dreary courts. Perhaps it was to watch them, as they glided so noiselessly from the gray clouds that had gathered in the castern sky, and stole about on their deathlike duty, first making wary and dim the object on which she looked, and then throwing so closely and fast over it the broad masses of darkness, that it seemed to fade into oblivion before her very quesight,—perhaps it was for this, that a young and beautiful maidean, just at nightfull, seated herself in an alcove window, drew the very quesight,—perhaps it was for this, that a young and beautiful maidean, just at nightfull, seated herself in an alcove window, drew the very epsight,—perhaps it was to watch the stars as they began to twinkle in silvery brightness upon the broad, blue front of the arching sky, or to wait till the full moon, in her queenly glory, should sail through the heavenly tides. Or perhaps to scrutinize with eager, careful glances the passers-by; to list for the fooffall of love, to the passers of the pass

and noticed the passionate flow of her blood, you might have mistaken her easily for a waxen might have mistaken her easily for a waxen. The servants passed to and for through the parlors on their twilight duties, they rattled the coals in the grate till they glowed with a ruddier light—they lit lamp after lamp, till the lofty and spacious rooms were brilliant with sunlike huses—they wheeled the tables and chairs to their coay and usual evening nooks, they drew the curtains and closed the doors, and went their way again; and yet their youtfull mistress, neither by look or motion, seemed to know they were or had been present. Still she aat there with her fair brow pressed against the crystal pane, still guazed out into the darkened street with her bright but tearful eyes, still continued her sad, silent musings, though whether upon the shadows that had gathered without, or those that lay heavy and thick within, it were hard to ell, for the sobs that usually gush forth as we gase on the latter, if any she felt, were choked in her throat, strangled in birth.

Once, only, she moved. Some one, the increased darkness hid even his outline, but some one halted a moment, is seemed almost involuntially, ander her window, and then passed along, a low, sweet, yet mournful snatch of a song flow-ing back on the night wind, more like the echo of a heart that is weeping, than the tone of a voice in its manhood. One moment the beautiful grid raised her hands to her brow and pressed it convulsively, then knocked at her heart with that wild, thrillign motion which quiets so quick-pies query and the passed along, a low, sweet, yet mournful snatch of a song flow-tilling the state of the passed and the passed along.

A low and the passed along a low and then she gently with the passed and the passed along and the passed along.

For an hour or more she sat there afterward, motionless, save as now and then she gently

rested.

For an hour or more she sat there afterward, motionless, sare as now and then she gently moved her eguids and shook off the heavy rear. She did not seem to hear the front door open, as a man in the prime of life came in; she gave no heed to the words of command which he issued to the waiting servants; she stirred not, even when he entered the patior and drew his chair closely to the grate, though in doing so he touchwhen the contract of the contract of the contract of a quartette table so carciaesly that the crystals that hung on the lamp tinkled like bells on a dancing foot. Yet her father, for such the gentleman was, seemed to know he was there, for, after a while, pushing back his seat and wheeling it towards a low cushioned rocker, he said, gently:

"Mabel,—pap has come home."

The words seemed to rouse her, for she started up quickly and exclaiming, in a tone of surprise. "Papa—and so carly!" she hid her eyes a few moments in her hands, and then pushed aside rich folds that had veiled her so long, and stole to his side, stopping, ere she dropped in the rusual seat, to press a dutful kiss on his lips.

"Early, Mabel? Why where have vour thoughts." rested.

For an hour or more she sat there afterward,

stole to his side, stopping, ere she dropped in her usual seat, to press a dutiful kiss on his lips.

"Early, Mabel? Why where have your thoughts been running, my child? I expected numberless questions as to where and why I had stayed so late,—it is past eight o'clock."

"Past eight! Can it be? It was but five when I went there."

"And what has my little Mabel been doing for three long hours in that cozy nook."

"O, nothing, of course,—she seldom does else, you know." and she looked archly up into his face, knowing he would contradict her assertion.

"Nothing! O, no, Mabel never does anything. Who keeps papa's house? who makes up his lined who knits his soft socks? who reads to him when his heart is sad! Who is the dearest and most dutiful child in the world? And fondly and proudly he wound his story arms about the delicate girl, drew her to his heart, and showered her white checks with chesses."

"And I'm going to pay her for all,—ves,

heart, and showered her white cheeks with cacasses.

"And I'm going to pay her for all,—yes,
though it ruins me quite. Mabel, dear child,
papa is going to make you a present that will
cancel all the debts he has owed you so long.
This is what kept me so long and so late,—lookling up for my darling a New Year's gift. But
'Fee found it at last, and I know it will suit."

"And what is it, father i" asked she, seemingly
carnest in tone, though in truth her thoughts
were far distant. "What has at length suited
the fasticious taste of my dear, good father?
Something rich, rare, and costly, I ween. Did
you bring it along i" and the slender fingers
began a sly search towards his pockets.
"It was too bread, long, and heavy for any
pocket I wore. Besides, if I had it, do you
hink I would show it till New Year's morning?
No, no; Mabel may dream to-night of her father's
gift, and fairy-like dreams they should be, for
ever had maiden a richer, a rarer, a coather

gift. But where," and his tone grew stern, "where is the ringing laugh and the gush of song? where is the stabing glance and the blushing cheek, which once would have greeted her father when he told her a story like this? Where—"but she interrupted him wildly:
"Hushed,—dimmed,—fadeel! O, father, I love you, dearly and well,—I am true to my promise,—but changed, as you soe. My heart has a load it will bear to the grave," and a low, plaintive wail stole from her lips and went whispering about, like the moan of the wind over flowers that have perished.

The brows of the father were knit, and it seemed with suppressed emotion, though whether of angee or not it were hard to tell, so wavering was the light that played in his eyes. Once he pushed her almost from his bosom, then again drew her closer, pressing her cheek with new kisses.

was the light that played in his eyes. Once he pushed her almost from his bosom, then again drew her closer, pressing her cheek with new kisses.

At length, seeming to have attained the mastery of his feelings, he spoke, aying, "I had thought other things of my Mahel. I had hoped that what she knew to be her duty, that would she do cheerfully,—that, like her angel mother, never would she he falter in the path of right."

Like a youthful priestess, clothed with garments from heaven, and inspiration, too, seemed the usually gentle girl, as, withdrawing from her father's arras, she stood up before him. For a moment, the words she would speak seemed to claier on her pale lips, but then they range forth in tones that were startlingly vehement.

"You had no right to hope other things of Mabel. You had no right to hope other things of Mabel. You had no right to hope other things of Mabel. You had no right to expect that the daughter of an angel would sell her heart for gold, barter for luxury 'God's priceless gifs. She has not faltered in the path of right,—she is true to the mother who nurrured her soul so well and so tenderly. O, father, father," and he foll on the knees beside him, "you say you have a gift—a rare and costly one—for to-morw's morn. I bless yoo for the love that sought it out, but that, and all others that you have or may yet give me, is as nothing to the one you deny me still. Father, by the love you cherished my mother, the bride of your heart, the wife of your bosom, O, father, give ma the right to love. I ask no other gift for the New Year that shall dawn to-morrow, or any that I may see hereafter. Will you promise me this,—only this,—dear, dear father I' and she clung to him with passionate carrestenses.

"Not to-night, not to-night. It is one that shall dawn to-morrow, or any that I may see hereafter. Will you promise me this,—only this,—dear, dear father I' and she clung to him with passionate carrestenses.

"Not to-night, not to-night. It is one that should not be lightly made. I will think o

"is tuere a gem on earth that can compare with a human heart," said Mabel, solemnly.
"I doubt not, your gift is one a queen might cover, for well of 1 Know your taste and your pures, but sooner—"
"Well, well, child," interrupted the father, blently, "we'll let sentiment and romance pass for the rest of the vessies. Pan weary and hungry. Ring for supper, toust you, and in order to give you an appetite for it, I will venture to promise you that, after you once receive my gift, instead of moping here like a lovelorn gift in a grated cell, you'll be dancing and singing about like one of your own pet birds on a sunny day. So wipe your eyes, and quickly, and let derew her arm within his own and let her to the supper-room.

Mabel R. was the only child of one of the most wealthy and aristocratic families in the city of B. Gifted by nature with rate and brilliant beauty, and blessed with a mother who knew how to prize aright the holy offspring God had lain upon her heart, she grew up as lovely in disposition, as superior in mental endowments, as she was beautiful in countenance and graceful in figure. And although the gentle one who nutrurch her so carefully passed away cre Mabel was quite sixteen, she lived long enough to give her a character which no earthly circumstance could change. And well was it so; for, although Mr. R., while under the influence of his wife, seemed to be-all a parent should be, when left alone, fast merged himself into a mere man of the world. Ever tender and affectionate to his heart, and all his projects were undertaken rather with a view to increase her inheritance, than to add to her sum of positive joy.

That Mabel, educated as she had been, should disappoint her father, was not strange. That, instead of accepting eagerly the dowered suitors who knelt at her feet with golden gifts, she should yield up her young affections only to one, who, like herself, hot as in intelligit of soul, whose genius she could bow before, whose morning the could reverence,—that she should do this was not strange

It happened this way A year or two after label had been left motherless, and ere she had Mabel had been left motherless, and ere she had been much in society, they passed the summer months in a lonely but beautiful place on the sea-side. It had been chosen by herself, in pref-erence to the more crowded and fashionable lo-calities, not only because it was wilder in scenery. calities, not only because it was wilder in scenery, but because its quiet and seclusion harmonized with her saddened heart, and gave her leisure to unusue her favorite stadies. The only hoarder beside themselves at the primitive farm-house, was a distant relative of the proprietor, one of those youths to whom Heaven gives poverty of pure, but weath of soul. Kare and rich was the stadies of the stadies of the second stadies of the second stadies and the second stadies are such as the second stadies and the second stadies are such as the second stadies

than ordinary pleasure, both by Mr. R. and his daughter, in that retired home and almost companionless spot. Their out-door excursions were always taken together, while their in-door employments were so arranged that each should increase the other's enjoyment. And thus the summer passed away on golden pinions, fragrant with beautiful odors, and musical with the richest of strains.

Never, for once, did it enter Mr. B.'s mind, that the affections of his child were becoming bound to the heart of the young arrist, or that she had come to his soul like the incarnation of his most rapturous dream, filling it with the beauty and joy of earth's purest tie. Mabel was young, and the artist so poor, that such a result, even from their daily companionship, more troubled the worldly thoughts of the father. Nor for a year did he suspect that, although no word of love had trembled upon the lips of either, many a message from the heart had been flashed out in the beaming eye, had burned forth in the blushing check, had throbbed in the cleap of the hand, and thilled in the breath of song. And though he remonstrated with her, almost angrily sometimes, when, on their European tour, the rejected so unbesitatingly the titled ones who offered their rank and fortune to the fair American, he did so only because his pride had longed to see a coronet upon her brow, or to have her at high in the worldly temple. But when she wound her soft arms so lovingly shout him, and whispered, "my home must be fore all others," his republican soul would swell with rapture, and he would cleap her firmer and more tenderly, and tell her she should have her own way.

But when, after their return, ehe refused again and again the wealthy suttors who approached

way.

But when, after their return, she refused again and again the wealthy suitors who approached her, a suspicion of the truth at length flashed over him, and with it came the stern resolve, that in this she should not have her way,—that no poor man, though he were gifted beyond all tohers, should win to his home the heires of his wealth. And when Laselle, who not until he had so attracted the public attention that he was positive of a future success that should insure a competency, if not a fortune, for his wife, at length saked for the hand of Mabel, he was reputsed raddy and firmly, and all future intercurse, by word or look, prohibited. The artist had too much noblity of soul to sue for what he fit was his manhood's right, and turned away to his humble studie, with the pure and beautiful resolution to devete himself neesdorth to his art, to win laureis that should be rich and fresh when the millionaire's wealth was forgotten and his name sauk in obscurity. And Mabel, though she promised her father to be true to his wishes, yet told him that, since she could not wed the come of her choice, she would live free from the come of her choice, she would live free from the come of her choice, she would live free from the come of her choice, she would live free from the come of her choice, she would live free from the come of her choice, she would live free from the come of her choice, she would live free from the come of her choice, she would live free from the come of her choice, she would live free from the come of her choice, she would live free from the come of her choice, she would live free from the come of her choice, she would live free from the come of her choice, she would live free from the companionship of a married home, that it would he idle to strive to force upon her another attachment.

"It is no idle fancy," said she. "It is a love ay. But when, after their return, she refused again

tachment.
"It is no idle fancy," said she. "It is a love which, our in its birth, has crown stronger and holier with the flight of three years,—a love founded on truth,—a love that has tested its object, that has proved he was to a widowed mother the kindest and decrest of sons, and to a crippled sister the fondest and tenderest of brothers, and sister the fondest and tenderest of brothers, and that, when one who had reverenced his rare gifts left to his own free will his small patrimony, instead of freeing himself from the trials of his poverty, and emerging at once from obscurity, he settled is all on the two dear ones at home, and toiled on without a murmur. Nay, father, it is no girlish fancy,—it is the love of the woman."

it is no girlish fancy,—it is the love of the woman."

But, in spite of these assertions, reiterated and strong, he still clung to the belief that it was but a romance of girlhood, and would pass away, and that one day he should see her united to a fortune as rich as his own. But when, after months of waiting, he found she was firra at first, in spite of himself, he could not but respect her. And when he saw her cheek grow paler and thinner, her voice hush its music, her step cease its dance, and a touching expression of sorrow steal over her once radiant young face, his heart half relented its stern decree, and he wept for the woe he had himself caused. And when the face of his wife stole into his dreams, and, instead of its angel sweetness of look, was

cease its dance, and a touching expression of sorrow steal over her once radiant young face, his heart half relented its stern decree, and he wepf for the woe he had himself caused. And when the face of his wife stole into his dreams, and, instead of its angel sweetness of look, was clothed with the stare of reproach, he struggled yet harder in the combat with pride, and became to the gentle girl, instead of the tyramical father, the warm-hearted friend, with caresses as soothing as his words were mild.

Bright and heautiful dawned New Year's morning, and though Mabel had wept herself to alcep late the evening before, sick and sad heart, yet as she unclosed her heavy cyclids and heart, yet as she unclosed her heavy cyclids and heart, yet as she unclosed her heavy cyclids and heart, he had not been such as the streams of sunshine that poured into her chamber, and listened to the merry notes of her canary in its gilded cage, she rose with an exhibitation of spirits that had long been a stranger to her. Her cycs flashed with a lastre as new as it was faceinating, her bounding pulse sent a delicate rose-time to her check, while her unwonted buoyancy had her face with an added beauty.

"For papa" sake I will be pay to-day. Poor papa,—low strange, that with so kind a heart, he should have so stern a will," and a single tear settled in the heantful cye. "Weeping so soon!" sighed side, as she dashed it of, "this will not do. I will be gay. I will show papa that I love him yet; we will 8e happy to-day, though the year, as the last, closes with tears." And, a moment after, with a small levicker basket in her hand, she taps gently at the door of her father's room.

laughs, as she cries, "the same old things, year after year," and then, lifting the lid of the bastes, and shows him a pile of soft lamb's wood socks and a pair of embroidered slippers, all the work of her own slender hands. "Not rich, rare, and costly," said she, "but welcome, I trust, as a daughter's work. And now, where is my present. I am impatient to see it. Say, in which of the drawers shall I look?" and the turned to the bureau, where she had been wont, for some years, to find every New Year her costly gift.

"It was too large for a drawer," said he, and his eyes twinkled merrily. "Nay, Mabel, you're not to have it just yet. But sometime to-day or confight it will come."

"Too heavy for your pocket, too large for a drawer," said Mabel, inquiringly, "pray, what can it be? O, I hope its that splendid harp I'vo wanted so long, and which, the has you are, you said cost too much. Say, is it not, dear pans."

"That's telling, little daughter. You must wait, now, and see."

"The day passed quickly to Mabel, and so busy was she in completing the magnificent preparations for her birth night ball, that she scarcely thought of her gift, and when she did, it was only to wonder why papa should rever its bestowal to so late an hour.

Evening closed in at length, and she stood at her mirror, completing her toilet, which was chiste as her own pure soul; a robe of white sain, with a necklace and bracelet of pears, and a wreath of white rose buds twined carelessly in her brown tresses, and was just drawing on her triny oft glove, when a servant said to her that a guest was announced.

"So early," murmured she. "I wonder who

her brown treases, and was just drawing on her tiny soft glove, when a serrant said to her that a guest was announced.

"So early," nurmared she. "I wonder who it can be, and why paps did not receive him," and she slowly descended to the brilliant parlors. But no one came forward to greet her, and he passed along, glancing about to see that all was perfected, still she reached the small winter garden, which was radiant and fragrant with the choicest of blossoms. She observed no one there, and thinking it was all a mistake, she throw herself on a rustic seat and warbled a low, sweet song, the unstudied expression, it seemed, of her awest thoughts.

As the strain died away, a footfall was heard, and from the shelter of some tall rose oleander, there issued a lofty and elegant form, and cross there issued a lofty and elegant form, and cross the memory, breathed out the one word:

"Mabel!" You—and here! What means it?" And Govention.

"Mabel."

"Mapel."

"And, forgetting her promise in the rap-turous meeting, she suffered herself to be clasped to his bosom, and revelled while in his passion-ate kinese. But duty, her ever stern monitor, soon called her away, and, withdrawing her-self, she saked, wildly, "but why are you—my father—"

self, she asked, windy, "but why are you—my father—"
"Your father invited me," and he showed her acard, and she know the direction was in her parent's own hand.
"But, now, why;"
"Perhaps," and he drew himself proudly up, "because Laselle is a name that has now some celebrity, and no party is thought to be quite complete, lest the gifted owner form one of the guests. Perhaps,—but no matter why. I was too glad of the privilege to question it much, and Mabel will not wonder I came so early a guest I is long since this bliss has been mine," and again he drew the delicate form to his heart, and ressed his food kisses upon her lip and her check, while Mabel sank into that sweet, dreamy rance which is ever the blessed accompaniment

check, while Mabel sank into that sweet, dreamy trance which is ever the blessed accompaniment of a joyful surprise.

These sound of a firm, well-known footstep aroused here, and she struggled to be free. But firmer was the clasp of the lover, and fonder his tender carcesses, and deeper grow the crimson upon the check of the maiden, for she felt that her fathers stood by,—and where now was her promise?

But instead of the sngry words that she expected each moment would shiver the air and cardle her blood, a rich, musical laugh greeted her ears, followed by the words, "My present suits well, does it not, little girl !"

Then, her lover releasing her, she sprang to

Then, her lover releasing her, she sprang to his side, and covering her confusion as well as she could by affected smiles, she asked, "And where is it, papa? I have seen none yet."

"Too heavy for my pocket, too large for a drawer," and he laughed right merrily, "and

yet you can't see it!"
"My harp-my harp!" cried she; "but where, where is it!"
Solemn then grew the father's mien. and con-

where is it?"

Solean then grew the father's mien, and genter was his touch, as he laid, her sleeder hand upon the throbbing heart of her beloved; and low, yet impassioned was his voice, as he breathed out the words, "Here, here, my daughter." 'Harp of a thousand strings,"—I give is to you, rich with melody, and may God spare it to you with chords unbroken, and may the master is shall give hack to your gettle touches "swell to heaven."

There was a lone, sweet silence. Then Mr.

'swell to heaven.'
There was a long, sweet silence. Then Mr. R. turned aside for a moment, and sought a small parcel from amid the green leaves. Approaching the lovers, be bade his daughter rise up, and in a moment a delicate bridal vell fell in snowy folds over her clustering curls, and ere the hour had passed, she was the happitest brida "of all the glad New Year."

MERCY.

MERCY.

The first sentence of death the young sovertigm, Queen Victoria, was required to sign, was
nat of a solitier condomned to death for
the solitier condomned to death for
the solitier of the solitier of the solitier
to be only it to her; "Have you nothing
yang in behalf of this man ?" "Nothing," was
no reply; "I he has deserted three times; but,"
id the brave veteran who relates the ancedote,
seigne her majesty's awater." I added, thoust hand, she taps gently at the door of her fathers room.

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year, sweet daughter, dear child!" is the glad response within, and entering, she draws a low stool to his great arm-chair, where he sits in his morning-tope, and after showering his cheeks and his ligs with warm kisses, she seats herself there and laying a hand on the basket, asks what he think Mabel has brought for a New Year's gift.

He roguishly takes down his slippered feet from the marble mantel, on which he has poised them, and rests them upon her silk apron. She



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REMEMBER THE NEEDY.

Rudely now the storm-king rushet From his frozen, wintry lair; And with wanton malice husheth Nature's music every where. And the merry volces, humming, Borne along the summer gale, Blend the bresse that mark his With a sad and mournful wall.

dummer's smiles—that crowned with Filled with joy the poor man's oot learn no more, while gloom and sad Mark with sighs his darkened lot, leathe reader, hast thou power Now to soothe the stricken one? Heed thee well, lest thy teld dower God shall claim for deeds undoos.

O, wait not for plaintive angulsh
To claim bounty at thy door;
Oft proud hearts, till broken, lam
Ere they sek thee of thy store.
Win the pures, boiler beauty,
That adds lustre to the deek;
By devoting love of duty
To a search for those in need.

Angel hearts will then be near thee, Nestling closer to thine own, And a volce within will cheer thee, With a heaven-in-piring tone. Bounty cast on life's broad river, Humble though the deed may be, I a sjewel, blessed giver, Added to the crown for three.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE STUDENT OF GOTTINGEN.

BY CHARLES E. WAITE.

Is the suburbs of Gottingen there stands, to this day, a small sone dwelling house, built in the fashion in which all German houses were constructed three quarters of a century age, and exhibiting a wooderful degree of preservation from the assaults of time. Behind in these still remain the vestiges of a garden, and the ruins of a summer-bouse,—both declaring that gardenig, on an extensive scale, was once conducted by the immates of the dwelling. The fence before the house—which is of wood, supported on stone posts—presents at the present time a most diapidated appearance. The bars between the posts have sunk in many places, driving the palings into the earth, and bending or breaking them, while in others the posts themselves have broken off, or been prostrated by tempests. But the house itself appears to have defied the action of the elements. Not a particle of stone has pecied or broken off, to defiace the fair symmetry of its angles, and the stone gables still flown above the narrow windows, as perfect and symmetrical as when fresh from the hands of the mason.

A half century ago, dear reader, this house

mason.

A half century ago, dear reader, this house was occupied and this garden cultivated by Marc Switzer, a talentol, industrious and capable man, once gardener to a German prince or immense domains, then a retired old nan, living upon the fruits of his early industry. Old Marc's wife had been long lead, at the period when our step of his youth. But he had two solaces to his declining years, a lovely daughter, Amelie, the very immege of his departed wife, and a manly son, Carl, who inherited, with his father's honesty and industry, a large share of his mother's mental attributes. As soon as Marc's years and infirmities prevented him from attending to the garden which he had carefully planted and assiduously nurtured, in the rear of his comfortable dwelling, he yielded (not, however, without many a sigh) its management into the hands of a hired man, named Kreutz, and gave to his son Carl a little spot of ground which he required him to till, and for the proper cultivation of which he was alone spot of ground which he required him to till, and for the proper cultivation of which he was alone spot of ground which he required him to till, and for the proper cultivation of which he was alone spot of ground which he required him to till, and for the proper cultivation of which he was alone spot of ground which he required him to till, and for the proper got better the gymnasium, when he abandoned his agricultural pursuits, and devoted himself to study.

During the whole of his course at the gymnasium, from the first day on which he recited to a master, to the time, long afterwards, when he was prepared to enter the university, he acquitted himself to the admiration of his masters, and he delight of his agof father. Old Mare used to say that he should die happy, if he could see he proper ago at a stream the curter worm of the numerous lecture rooms of that venerable institution.

Upon a bench, in the middle of the spacious room, sits Carl Swinser, attentively listening to the abstrues entences which drop from the l

tingen. Reclining rather listlessly upon the bench by his tide, is a young man, in every respect his opposite, as far as external appearance is concerned. His figure is slight and delicate, his moustache nearly auburn, and his dress rich and tasteful. Liste nearly all the young men by whom he is surrounded, he exhibits unequivocal symptoms of being ergericusly ennayed. Yawning furiously, he suddenly exclaims, in a loud whiteer, he is commanion.

"Egad, if I could find it I would fire it, and

explode the whole institution, if possible "and, making a pillow of Carl's pile of manuscript, he coolly stretched his limbs upon the bench for a

coolly stretched has inno upon the bench for a siesta.

The young man's opinion of Clarencon appeared to be endorsed by nearly all of the assembled students. At least nearly all had adopted his horizontal posture. A few, however, among whom were young Switzer, hung with their faculties all absorbed upon the theories which fell from the lips of the subble metaphysician. At least he closed. Those who had been taking notes folded their manuscripts, those who had been taking maps unfolded their legs and arms, and all prepared to depart.

"He is done," said Carl, rousing his comrade.
"Thank God!" quite fervently responded the sleeper, shaking himself.
Just as the young men were ready to go, a

arms, and all prepared to depart.

"He is done," said Carl, rousing his comrade.

"Thank God I" quite fervently responded the sleeper, shaking himself.

Just as the young men were ready to go, a billet, projected from an usene quarter of the room, fell at their feet. Carl stooped to pick it up, and as his eye fell upon the address, he started, and glancing suspiciously around the lecture-room, passed it over to his companion. The note was directed, "Count Orville do Koninatak, calling himself a student of Gettingen." Tearing it open in wonder, the youth read, "Beware of Kreutz!" That was all.

"This is incomprehensible!" he exclaimed. "From what quarter did it come?"

"I am at a loss to conceive!" replied Carl.
"It sarely has no reference to Anelie! I would sacrifice half of my estates, however, to have her beyond the limits of this licentious town, with its reckless students."
"I believe that warning comes from no friend," asid Carl, in the deep and measured tones of his eminently fine and manly voice; "first, because the writer reveals his knoeledge of your rank, evidently to excite your alarm, and secondly, because it is anonymous."
"Obuduless," replied his friend.
They were now in the streets of Gottingen, and in half an hour presented themselves at the door of the stone cottage which we have described as the property of Marc Switzer. Anolie wellow has been so cordial. She only knew that he was noble, perhaps the welcome might not have been so cordial. She only knew that he was noble, perhaps the welcome fight. He was noble, order and the was noble, order and the heat so he was beautiful as a bright May morning, and as noble as the was beautiful. She not yet well not stop to describe Amelie. Be content to know, dear reader, that she was as beautiful as a bright May morning, and as noble as the was beautiful. She not yet the technicalities of his craft, but can appreciate, also, the perior of laredening."

"A lit rouse and manual thing for a strauger to was adoublese an unusual thing for a strauger to

his craft, but can appreciate, also, the poetry of gardening."

"Ah!" ejeculated both youths, in a breath. It was doubtless an unasual thing for a stranger to intrude upon the quiet retirement or oid maner's household.

"It was delightful," continued Amelie, "to hear such truly beautiful and noble sentiments from one who wore so plain a garb. Kreutz wished to show him the improvements he had been planning, and desired me to accompany himself and his young friend through the garden. Each bud and blossom seemed to inspire the young gardener with some new poetical emotion, to which he gard unternate in the choicest speech."

"A proligy of a gardener!" said Orville.

"A prodigy of a gardener!" said Orville

"A pronigy of a garcener!" sand Orvine.
His name!"
"Yes, sister, his name!" asked Carl, suddenly
tarning from the window, through which he had
been intently gazing.
"Kreutz called him Orland."
"Had he dark hair and eyes ?"

"Had he dark hair and eyes?"
"Yes."
"His figure slight and tall?"
"Yes, Carl."
"Had he small hands, unlike a gardener, and were his features small and feminine?" continued Carl, with the pertinactity of a lawyer extracting testimony from a witness.
"Yes, brother. You have seen him?"
"Yes, be just passed, in a coach and four."
"Impossible!" exclaimed Amelie, going to the window. "How could you have noticed all his peculiarities of person?"
"I have seen him before. Besides, the horses walked, and he spoke from the earringe window to Kreutz, in the garden."
"Ha!" exclaimed Orvillo, "that was a friendly warning,—"Besure of Kreutz!"
"Orville," said Carl, in a whisper, "saddle you a horse, and allow not that coach to escape your sight."
"It shall not," said his friend, kissing Amelie's hand and hurriedly taking leave.
"Amelie" said voure. Switzer, takine his

your sight."

"It shall not," said his friend, kissing Amelie's hand and hurriedly taking leave.

"Amelie," said young Switzer, taking his sister's hand, "your young gardener's visit bod to such so good. I could be more explicit, but I do not desire to alarm your fears. I must be absent his evening. My duties to my club would reader it dishonorable for me to desert it to engight. Do not allow Kreatz upon any pretext to absent himself. Do not answer any summons at the door. Endeavor to interest our poor old father with the details of Kreuts's gardening, and make the old man happy, as you well know how to do."

"Why was Orville so much disturbed, and why did he depart so suddenly "asked his sister, anxionsily, after she had promised to heed his advice."

"Because of his solicitude and affection for "Because of his solicitude and affection for you, I suppose," replied Carl, wickedly; "there, I can tell you no, more!" and leaving the half rexed girl, he quitted the house and proceeded to the club-room, which was in a distant part of

It was a small room in which Carl's club met not more than twenty feet square, filled with benches and tables, promisenously distributed and studiously disarranged. On one side was a desk of oak wood, innocent of paint, and stained with beer, which served as the throns of the

presiding functionary. Below this, on either side, were a few benches, which some genius with order preternaturally developed had placed in regular rows. Before them were tables, stained, like the above mentioned desk, with much beer, and exhibiting the results of the club's extraordinary preclivities to pounding. When young Switzer arrived, the room was already full, and the president was explaining some point of difficulty which had arisen at their last assembling, and which had been referred to his decision.

last assembling, and which had been referred to his decision. When this matter was adjusted, pipes and beer were placed upon the tables, and a song was song, while they imbiled, with the true German spirit, from the brimning muge. As soon as the song was finished, the pipes were lighted, and the members of the clab quietly purific nebulous masses of smoke to the ceiling, as they sat waiting for the disputants in the ap-proaching controversy to open the debate. Presently a man from the remotest corner of the room arose with an immeass meerschaum in his hand, and commenced to speak.

his hand, and commenced to speak.

His figure was slight and tall, his eyes and hair as black as a raven's wings, and his features delicate and feminine. He began in a tone of voice so low as a first to be hardly audible, but as he proceeded his accents became louder, and he displayed a voice of unsurpassed mellowness and richness.

As he was

and richness.

As he arose, Carl Switzer arrested the mug of beer which he was raising to his lips, and looked carnestly at the speaker, as if to assure himself that his eyes were not deceiving him. No, he saw before him Amelie's poetical gardener, and the delicate looking proprietor of the coach and feed o

One of Carl's companions, observing his e

One of Carl's companions, observing his emo-tion and attributing it to a wrong cause, said:

"Never fear him, Carl; his creed is as unten-able as his acts are hypocritical."

"Not that," replied the student. "I am not afraid. Would that I could fathom the myste-ries of his actions as easily as I can expose the sophistries of his arguments."

Just then, Carl saw Orville enter the door, and assume a nosition where he could view the

sophistries of his arguments."

Jast hen, Carl saw Orville enter the door, and assume a position where he could view the speaker, without being particularly conspicuous, and he felt more at ease.

The soi-disant gardener, as he warmed with his subject, gradually assumed a style of eloquence so fervid, and so apparently heartfelt, that he carried with him the sympathies of his auditors, notwithstanding every word he uttered was at war with their convictions. His sentiments were mainly in conflict with that spirit of liberty, which is inherent in every German breast, and which needs but the addition of a spark to rouse the fire of enthusians, which is unquenchable and irresistible. But notwithstanding the unpopularity of his theories, such was his eloquence of tone and of action, that he bore with him, on the full tide of his matchless oratory, the hearts of each one of his listeners, and when he finally took his seat, he was greeted with an outburst of enthusiastic applases which shock the ceiling, and made the little club-room ring agasta.

Scarcely was he seated, when Carl arose. Je

he finally took his seat, he was greeted with an outburst of enthusiastic applaase which shook the ociling, and made the little clabroom ring aguata.

Searcely was he seated, when Carl arose. In his deep and manly voice, he began to receptive the control of all the meretricious or manner of rhetoric, which had clouded their meaning and concealed their sophistry. As soon as he had stated them distinctly, and exhibited them in their proper light, he began to answer them. He made no attempt, by means of vehement appeals and ferivid declamation, to enlist the feelings of his audience, before he had convinced their understandings; but he subjected each argument to the rules of fair induction, and demolished each position by exposing its logical fallary. He had nearly completed this logical exposition of his adversary's quibbles, and was about to make an appeal to their hearts in favor of the principle of liberty which his speech had so grossly outraged, when, to his dismay, he preceived that his antaques of the control of the cont

of his contempt, when a voice of agony from the ceach exclaimed:
"Carl,—Orville,—save me, save me,—for the love of Heaven!"
"I am here to rescue yoù," said Carl, and opening the earriage door, he bore his fainting sister from the vehicle. As he did so, he was met by the villain whom he had prostrated to the earth.
"Hope not thus to conquer me in single combat, as you have done in debate," he shouted; "I am Orland de Lavois, the invincible in love, argument, and war!"
"Defend yourself, arrogant pretender," said Carl, drawing, and releasing his sister into the hands of the students, who now began to press round.

At that moment a shot, from the man in the dickey, struck the miserable Lavois in the breat and he fell, staggering backwards, in the act of drawing his weapon.

All the crowd gused in astonishment in the direction in which the deadly messenger had come, and perceived Orville dragging Kreuts from the box.

As soon as they had reached the ground, Carl strode up to his father's gardener, and seizing him by the collent, exclaimed:

"Caitiff,—explain instantly your share in this villanous transaction."

"I will," said Kreutz, humbly.

The students formed a circle,—Carl and his sister, Orville and Kreutz, in the centre. The tarteet lamps shone brilliandly, lighting up the dark figures. It was a singular and picturesque spectacle.

"The other day," began Kreutz, "as I was."

sater, Urville and Kreutz, in the centre. The
street lamps shone brilliantly, lighting up the
dark figures. It was a singular and picturesque
spectacle.

"The other day," began Kreutz, "as I was
working in my master's garden, this man,"
pointing to the corpse before hin, "entered in
the guise of a gardener, insinuated himself by
his soft-spoken hypocrisy into my confidence,
learned my affection for my master's daughter,
and determined to make use of it for his own
base purposes. Under the pretence of favoring
wait, he arranged with me a plan for carrying off Amelie, as if she were to be mine, instead
of size. He agreed to furnish a coach, if I would
hazard driving it. I readily assented. I was to
call for the coach this evening, at the stand, and
in order that I might procure the proper one, as
my master's house this afternoon, for the purpose of showing it to me. I was to procure the
coach and drive down to my master's house,
where he was to have everything ready for abducting Amelie. I did so. Amelie was placed
in the coach, and I look the street which conducts to the Berlin road—Berlin was our place
of destination. When I had reached this point,
somebody seized the leaders. Instantly a pistol
was fired through the window, and I saw the
had of the man at the horses' heads fall to the
ground. Touk now he rest. Meinhert Orville
had just explained to me Lavois' adupticity, and
how he had warned him against me, when by an
uncontrollable impulse, I seized my pistol and
shot the traitor dead. I am at your mercy?'
It is needless to say that after this honest explanation of his position, Kreutz was easily
pardoned.

The next day Orville de Rosintadt avowed
his statchment to Amelie, and laid at her feet
his rank and his estates. Carl became a distinguished ornament to his contract are actived.

The next day Orvillo de Rosinstadt avowed his attachment to Amelie, and laid at her feet his rank and his estates. Carl became a distinguished ornament to his country, as a scholar and philosopher. Kreuts survived his disappointment and continued long to cultivate the gardens of his worthy master. Old Mare is long since dead; while he lived his gardens were an ornament to Gottingen. Had he survived to see the present ruinous condition of his once heautiful grounds. see the present ruinous condition of his once

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SONG. Ab, canst thou think that time has stole.
The light affection round me flung?
No, years have fleel, but round my soul.
It still has fondly, wildly clung.
My fortune, fonce and friend have flownThe minions of a sunny hour;
But still my love has stronger grown,
Like ivy round some mouldering tower.

There is a change that all must feel,
A change the world will ever make;
The vicions that so fondly steal
Around the heart in youth, must be
But do not say that Time has wrough
A change within a heart like mine—
Love starts at the unhallowed thought
And threatens to desert thy shrine.

My love is not the trembling light
That falls upon some careless strear
To sleep awhile in beauty bright,
And then withdraw its silvery bean
Then do not think, now fate has set

SIZE OF OUR GREAT LAKES.

The latest measurements of our fresh water seas are these:—The greatest length of Lake Superior is 355 miles; its greatest breadth is 100; mean depth 985 feet; elevation 627 feet; of the greatest length of Lake Medican is 30 miles; its greatest length of Lake Medican is 30 miles; its greatest length of Lake Medican is 300 miles; its greatest length of Lake Horon is 300 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth 900 feet; elevation 537 feet; area 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Brois 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Drois is 250 miles; its greatest breadth is 60 miles; its greatest breadth is 65 miles; its mean depth is 500 feet; elevation 262 feet; area 6000 square miles. The total length of all five is 155 miles; covering an area altogether of upwards of 90,000 square miles.—biernational Journal.

RELIGION OF THE PRESIDENTS.

RELIGION OF THE PRESIDENTS.

The religious belief of the forteen persons who have filled the Presidential chair in the United States, as indicated by their attendance upon public worship, and the evidence afforded Washington, Malkion, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, and Taylor, were Episcopalians; Jefferson, John Adams, John Quiney Adams, and Fillmere, were Unitarians; Jask-son and Polk were Presbercians; Mr. Van Buren was of the Dutch Kleformed Chareki; and President Pierce is a president processing the president present and the president pr

MAN BORN TO LABOR

MAN BONN TO LABOR.

Man was born to labor, and is so organized that he cannot be happy or healthy without some steady occupation. And if labor and occupation are necessary to the healthy state, how much large the committed against society orginated in nem's not knowing how to employ their faculties in some useful pursuit. Solizary confinement cannot remedy the evil, and leaves the convict, after he has served his time, as believes as selfore—Lubert Grazee.

The most resplendent ornament of man, is judgment; here is the perfection of his innute reason; here is the utmost power of reason joined with knowledge.

Written for The Flag of our I

LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER ONE.

In is just twenty years since Ecokiel Grit left the granite hills of his native State, where from his tenderest years he had been employed in sowing and mowing and plowing "side hills" so steep that they had to employ a special breed of oxen, with the off-legs half a foot shorter than the near ones, and came down to New York with the determination to "make his tarnal fortune." He now has a town house among the upper ten, with a marble boy in front, spouting Croton, where he gives halls that rival Mrs. Pothar's, and has a country-sear at Newport that cost him eighty thousand dollars. It was how ho last season drove a four-hand of blood hays, and it was his liveries, blue and silver, with a suggister than the work of the state of the plant of the plan committed saicide from remore at having so violated the rigid proprieties of his order's and if so, does not more than one half of the "deep damnation of his taking off" rest on the man-may we not say the fiend "—who tempted him to er? But what cared Zekiel Grit' His busi-ness was; to "look out for number one," and be did it most effectually.

be did is most effectually.

One day a cadaverous-looking young man tottered into Zekiel's shop, panting for breath, and
motioned for a seat. An arm-chair was brought
hin, and be instantly sank into it, his hollow
eye and sunken cheek, together with the peruliar pallor of his countenance, betokening approaching dissolution.

"Garments, sir! Cost, sir! Anything you
like. Sha'n't go out of my shop without being
saited—in color, cut, fix and price,—what'll you
have 0'' said Zekiel, bastling up.

have i" said Zekiel, busuling up.

The stranger made on reply; he merely waved
his hand deprecatingly.

"Wants a cost—a black one! Bring a black
cost, Jim. Number thirty-dive will fit him—saperine. Here you are, sic."

The clerk brought the garment, and Zekiel
held it up for the stranger's inspection. Alas!
he scarcely looked at it.

"Stand him up, Jim!" cried the trader, ansiously. "You take hold of that side—I'll help
him on this. Off with his cost! Now for the
new one. Easy, Jim! There, sir! Fits you
like a book. Sit him down, Jim."

Attired in has new garment, the stranger sank

like a book. Sit him down, Jim."

Attired in his new garment, the stranger sank back into the chair to rise no more. He had died in a fit. A card in the unfortunate man's pocket disclosed his name and address. His friends came for the remains, and in due time Mr. Zekilel Girt received from the administrator, on presentation of his bill, thirty dollars for "one superfine fashionably made black dress coat." The heir wore it at the funeral!

The coursessor was noted as follows: in all.

The oc currence was noted as follows in all the papers—Zekiel paying for the paragraph

MELANCIOLY OCCURRENCE.—We regret to learn that our worthy townsman, Mr. Garret Browser, died suddenly yesterday while trying on a new coat, at the shop of Mr. Zekiel Grit, No. ——, Chaham Street, who has on hand a large and fashionable assortment of ready made clothing of the best qualities at reasonable priese; also broadcloths, German, French, English and American; vestings, cussimers, does kin; also, every article customary in the gentlement; the inhing line. Chothes made to order the shortest notice. Terms, cash. Perfect astisfaction guaranteed.

Who shall say, after reading the above, sekiel did not possess a peculiar faculty looking out for number one."

LIFE WITHOUT NOURISHMENT.

LIFE WITHOUT NOURISHMENT.

In ordinary cases, human life may be preserved from six to eight days only without food or nourishment. Sometimes, however, remarkable cases occur when. Sometimes, however, remarkable cases occur when life is retained for a much longer period. The Medical Essay, a medical journal of reliable character, published in Edisburg, mentions the case of a young lady who was thrown into such solent tetanus, or rigidity of the muscles, by a severe mental shock, that she was unable to swallow any food for a prinary of the muscles, but upon what authority we know not, of a man who, on recovering from a force, had such a diskle to food of all kinds, that for eighteen years he never swallowed anything but water.—Baston Journal.

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SHATHE LEGG MAG of our UNION. South the state of the state of

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

67 Terms of firs FLAG OF OR UNION, \$200 per an num, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page, *a All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, Bestrov Mass., proprietor of firs Flag or our Union, post paid

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER. , Jr. he Lady in the Omnibus," a tale

"The Lody In the Unintous," a tode by size, or. a "be by size, or. a "bodo yn. Levy", a story by M. V. St. Leov. Uninto by "bide the Bitter," a humorous stetch by the Yorsw United the Bitter," a humorous stetch by Mrs. Wilson, "a story by Levy Lawoon.
"The Trunks Son," a story by Levy Lawoon.
"The Trunks Son," a story by Levy Lawoon.
"The Wind," by J. H. RENTES.
"The Wind," by J. H. RENTES.
"The Wind," by J. H. RENTES.
"It came home to dis," by S. W. H. LERETTE.

"Lines in an Album," "Memory," "The Explation,"
Endless Bliss," "To an Absent Friend," "To the
Wind," "To the Moon," "Hope," and The Hudson

Wind," "To the Moon," "Roys" and The Russions Rivers."

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.

"Schastopol is taken," said Louis Napoleon, in a tone of cool satisfaction some weeks since, as he folded up a despatch from the seat of war; and the manager of the Ports St. Martin, who had got the "Fall of Sebastopol" ready for representation, fixes the time for its production. But steamer after steamer has since arrived, and though each brought the intelligence that the since was "doing as well as could be expected," still we were told that "Sebastopol was not taken." This somewhat shook the credulity of rank and file in the infallibility of certain military prophets, who had demonstrated that Sebastopol must have fallen long ago—it was so easy! The allies had only to concentrate the fire of their artillery on one point, make a large breach, pour in the troops, and do up the work with the bayonet—a very nice plan, supposing the walls to be made of chalk, the rampant guns "Qankers," and the Russian garrison mere men of straw. We wentured our prediction, too, and that was, that the "Russians could endure to be beaten much longer than the allies could endure to be beaten much longer than the allies could endure to be beaten much longer than the allies could endure to be beaten much longer than the allies could endure to a be a supposed to the straw. We went would be a supposed to the straw of the place of the straw of the

are ascent lorce of the allied army that heavy reinforcements are absolutely necessary, while in the meantime, through the open gate of Persit-top, Russian reinforcements are pouring in the half-invested city. And yet the allied army was supposed to be more than strong enough to accomplish speedily the work it had to do.

was supposed to be more than strong enough to accomplish speedily the work it had to do. In our opinion, Schastopol has not yet been taken, nor will be—we hazard writing in advance of the mail, though while we are going to press, an authentic despatch may convict us of false prophecy. We sympathize with the cause in which the allies are engaged—that of checking the strides to universal empire of a mighty power wickled by one despotic individual. The cause is a good one; but it is singular to see by what a strange combination it is waged—a constitutional sovereign in alliance with as rank a despot as Nicholas himself. But we must constitutional sovereign in alliance with as rank a despot as Nicholas himself. But we must consistent our sympathies would be yet more warmly enlisted, were not these very allies so cready to interfer in our own concerns, and so anxious, while warring with despotism in the East, to cripple the wings of republicanism in the West. The sovereigns of Frances and England may possibly be promped more by self-interest than by love for the Chomanas, of for their subjects, in this cruade against the Russian the fine of the control of the con

Curious.—There is a young woman in Utics, N. Y., who has been suffering several years from the growth of a repitie in her stomach. Various attempts to destroy it have proyed ineffectual, and she is in momentary danger of death from it. A singular phenomenon connected with this case, and one which has quite puzzled the medical and scientific world is, that when the young woman looks at anything offensive to the invisite to remember to the properties of the pr

BOTH PAPERS.—In renewing subscriptions upon the Flag and Pictorial, let our readers re-member that by enclosing four dollars they ob-tain both papers for one year.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Let those who address remember to pay their postage, other-etters will not be taken from the post-

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

TENTI VOLUME.

FOR THE MEW YEAR.

In announing the "FLAG OF OUR UNION"
for the new year, 1885, we deem it necessary to
promise but little; the paper after nine years of
unprecedented success is too well known to require any puffing. By liberal management its
circulation has reached to so large an edition
thât, while we fernish the finest of paper and
issue a journal entirely original, the products of
the best and most popular writers, we are yet
able to funish it at the same low rate as our
cotemporaries.

able to funish it at the same low rate as our cotemporaries.

Two more numbers will complete the present volume, when we shall commence the new year with new type, a new dress throughout, and a new and elegant heading, the proprietor being resolved to make the tenth volume of the Flag superior to any of its predecessors. It will continue to give the same large amount of original and centralining sketches, stories and novellettes, and fresh spirit will be imparted to its editorial department, which will be as heretofore under the immediate control and care of Mr. Ballou. Several new and popular writers have been engaged for the year, and the Flag will be improved in all departments.

The same assiduity will be observed to exclude from its columns everything of an immortant of the control of the control of the control of indiction that one of their children, or maidons to rend aloud from its columns. It shall be a refined and acceptable visitor to old and young, and freighted with pleasant reading and cound articles, embracing historical romances, pictures of social life, ancedots, gems of thought and wit and humor.

We shall commence in the first number of the

pictures of social life, anecdotes, gems of thought and wit and humor. We shall commence in the first number of the new year a brilliant and taking novellette from the pen of that favorite novelist and admirable writer, Lieutenary Murray, one of the best stories we have ever read in manuscript or print, entitled:

THE SEA WITCH:

-0R,-THE AFRICAN QUADROON.

A TALE OF THE SLAYE COAST.
By reference to our terms, on another page, it will be seen that any person who sends us sixteen subscribers will receive the secenteant topy graits. Subscribe early and have the numbers from the first of the year. Notwithstanding we printed a largely increased edition last January, yet it will be remembered that it was all exhausted at once, and we were obliged to disappoint many. point many.

THE FRENCH CRYSTAL PALACE.

The ground floor of this spacious building covers 37,058 square yards; the surface of the gallery of the circumference counts 18,072—to-tal, 45,150 yards. The large room numbers two hundred and sixteen windows; the pavilions one hundred and ninety-two; on the ground floor, there are three hundred and eighty-eight columns ig cast iron, and eight numbered and sixteen on the second floor; the central nave his a leight of one handred and inhety-two yards, with a breadth of forty-eight, and its height at the entablature is eighteen yards. The building has consumed \$22,000 square yards of cut stone, without counting the filling-stone and the mortar; forty-five hundred tons of castings, thirty-six hundred tons of iron, and 33,000 square yards of unpolished glass.

A FORTHCOMING WONDER.

According to a correspondent of Herapath's

A FORTHCOMING WONDER.

(English) Journal, steam power is to be super-seded by "Poulson's Patent Pendulum T Lever," which will be brought before the public in about a month. Two men in a sitting position will be able with ease to propel a railway engine of twenty-dree horse power, with its full complement of carriages, at any speed to be attained by steam power. The tenders and boliers of the present engines will be no longer required, and the new engine will be constructed of about one-fourth the weight, and say at one-sixth or one-eighth the cost. The wheels and frames of the present engines will be available for the new one-

RUSSIAN CARNAGE.—In little more than a Resilan Canadae—In little more than a quarter of a centry 600,000 Russian soldiers have been secrificed in the attempt to subjugate Circassia. In the Polish campaign the loss of life was enormous. In the Turkish campaign of 1828-295, 90,000 men perished by sword and postflence. The present war has cost Russia at least 50,000 men, or othat Nicholas has proved a greater sourge to the human race than any of the fighting hereos of the past. "What millions die that Crear may be great!"

New TERRITORIES.—The new Territories of the United States, which may be expected soon to apply for admission as States, are eight or nine in number, and include about two millions square miles of land. Among them are pro-jected one or more Indian Territories—an expe-riment which some of our statesmen appear inclined to try.

Isanella Grape.—The Isabella grape vine, now so famous, was first introduced into the North by Mr. George Gibbs, of Brooklyn, L. I. Cuttings from this vine were brought its native State, North Carolina, by Mrs. Gibbs, and the vine in compliment to her, was called the Isabella.

A MUSICAL NATION.—The amount of music which has been copyrighted at Washington, in the last third of a century, fills about three bundred volumes, averaging two hundred and fifty pages to each volume.

PROPHETIC.—Friar Bacon in 1214 foretold ailroads, when he spoke of the loaded chariot o longer encumbered by the panting steeds, which can be convenient to convenience of the convenien

JUST SO —The N. Y. Tribune says that for every \$10 dollars a farmer spends in setting out fruit trees, 100 dollars' value is added to his place.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Judge Hoffman of New York says that the Schuyler New Haven Rallroad stock is good.

Col. Thorne, the millionaire, has a lawsuit pending against him, involving \$750,000.

Beneventano, the great basso singer, resigns the stage for an enormous fortune.

The Cochituate water is improving—being nearly as pleasant now as sospauds.

Many of the soldiers at the Charlestown navy yard are cultivated and educated men.

The classic city of Cambridge, Mass., possesses not a single public library.

Neither John Bull nor the ex-prisoner of Ham like our taking the Sandwich islands.

The American whaling facets in the Arctic seas have been unsuccessful.

Live in peace with all men; and have but one

like our taking the Sandwich islands.

The American whaling feets in the Arytic seas have been unsuccessful.

Live in peace with all men; and have but one counsellor among a thousand.

Six criminals are to be hung for murder in the United States this month.

Some of Kidd's treature has again been discovered on the banks of the Hudson.

St. Andrew's Day occurred this year on Thanksgiving day.

The English opers was very successful at the Boston Theatre.

He that sets no value upon a good repute, is as careless of the actions that produce it.

The United States has more miles of telegraph than all the rest of the world.

A European company has been formed to solve the problem of arial navigation.

The monkeys around Trinidad have died by hundreds, of small pox and cholers.

Thirty years ago Napoleon said Russis would soon have Constantinople and Greece.

"Decticies," of funny notoriety, is J. Sterling Morton.

ling Morton.

Little wit serves to flatter with; for how easily do they work that go with the grain!

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL. VOLUME EIGHTH

FOR THE NEW YEAR

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

We are resolved to commence the New Year in a style of real excellence and beauty which the PICTORIAL has never yet reached. To ensure this, we have engaged a large corps of artists, designers and engravers, and shall increase the number of illustrations from one to two hundred per annum—one more entire page being devoted to this purpose, making eight illustrated pages in each number. Besides this, the PICTORIAL will appear on a quality of paper wastly superior to what has been used heretofroe, having a paral sain surface, hard and glossy, to impart beauty improved character, artistic, original and timely. The new proprietor is fully determined to make the PICTORIAL a paper that shall be a credit, not only to Boston, but to the whole country, and not one particle behind the best European illustrated journals. Its literary character will also be greatly improved, and more attention given to its descriptive department and editorials; for which purpose the propristor has associated with himself, as assistant effor, Frances A. Derkyan, Seq., aggesteman well known in the literary world is a rine scholes.

associated with himself, as assistant efffor, FRANCIS A. DENIVAO, EM, aggedfenan well known in the literary world as a ripe scholar, a graceful and ready writer, and an author whose fame is already established. This arrangement will greatly enhance the intrinsic value of the PICTORIAL.

We shall commence in number one of the

new volume an admirable and deeply interesting story from the pen of FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE Esq., entitled:

STEEL AND GOLD:

THE HEIR OF GLENVILLE.

THE HEIR OF GLENVILLE.
A DOMESTIC TALE OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS.

Notwithstanding that a very heavy increased expense is incurred to improve and perfect the paper, it will be observed that there is no change in the price, but that any person sending us susteen subscribes will receive the secuteral copy gratic. For terms, we refer to our imprist. Let our friends subscribe orig, as two more papers will complete the volume, and we desire to print enough for all demands.

Sherbrooke Gazette, of the 18th ult., observes that "now that reciprotely has gone into effect, under the bonding system, both in the United States and Canada, we may anticipate a great increase of traffic with our neighbors across the border. Already great numbers of cattle have been brought up in the townships for exportation, in anticipation of reciprocity, and a good demand may be still anticipated, especially for young cattle." RECIPROCITY TREATY IN CANADA. - The herbrooke Gazette, of the 18th ult., observer

ROPE DANCING.—Rope-dancers and tumbler have been said never to meet with any casually Bat one of the Brothers Bruquet was lately killed at Lyons, France, by the breaking of a pole on which he was beforming, making the fifth catastrophe of the killed within a year.

VOLCANIC EREPTION .- The volcanic mountain of Cotopaxi, the most elevated as well as the most formidable volcano in the world, is now in full progress of successful cruption, and is throwing out enormous masses of rock, torrents of brackish water, and burning lava.

DEATH-DEALING BATTERIES.—Le Pays (Paris) calculates that the British and French batteries as Schastopol could throw daily 25,000 bombs and balls into the fortress. Such a weight of metal ought to make an impression.

THE POETRY OF MOTION.—The circular movement described by a rich uncle's arm, when he hands you a thousand dollar check.

Cows.—The number of cows in and about ondon, is 20,000, yielding about 60,000 gallons of milk daily.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

"The Midnight Cruise," a sketch by STLVANUS COBS, JR Decided Bargains," a domestic scene by Mrs. E.

"Beckled Hargains," a domestic some of Weilmony, Weilmony, Weilmony, The Wood of the Young Governess," a 1 pt. 1 p ILLUSTRATI

This number also contains a striking portrait of that celebrated divine of the last century, key. George Whitefield. Four large representations of the extensive fortifions of the city of Konigsberg in Prussia.

A series of eastern scenes, giving a view of the city of Aden; minaret of a ruined Mosque; a street in Mocha. Also a view of the Temple at Mecca. And a view of the Temple at Medina. A portrait of Fernando Wood, the Mayer-Elect of New

A portrais of re-York city.

York city.

Niew of St. Helena, the place of exile of the empe.

Napoleon I.

Napoleon I.

Portrait of James Gordon Bennett, the well-known publisher of the New York Herald.

Yiew of the Ruins of the city of Baalbee.

**e* The Proroant is for eals at all the Periodical Depote
in the United States, at SIX CRITE per copy.

Foreign Items.

Ten thousand Russians have been employed in throwing up redoubts upon the Vistula. In the principal streets of Paris the greater number of the shops are now closed on Sunday. The agricultural produce of this season in Ireland will realize 210,000,000 sterling above that of last year.

that of last year.

A new bridge is proposed to be thrown across the Thames, in London, at a cost of between £200,000 and £220,000.

The production of wine, in the wine districts of Europe, in former years, has been as high as 2,159,000,000 of gallons.

Forty floating batteries, each mounting 70 guns, in all 2800, are to be ready in the spring for an attack on Cronstadt.

cus, it all 2800 ere to be cased mountain for an attack on Croastadi.

There is now at Liverpool, a nugget weighing for an attack on Croastadi.

There is now at Liverpool, a nugget weighing three hundred and thirty-eight ounces, and of the value of fourteen handred pounds.

The fanous Russian steamer "Vladimir"—which is the one said to have performed so many brilliant and daring feats during the pass season—is at length reported an experience of the proposed and proposed in the proposed of the proposed of

Demdrops of Wisdom.

In this world the best things are perfectly im-We can never die too early for others, when we live only for ourselves.

Scandal, like a kite, to fly well depends greatly on the length of the tale it has to carry. The art of setting off moderate qualifications steals esteem, and often gives more reputation than real merit.

The parentage of a lie is the most difficult of all to trace. It is indeed a clever lie that knows its own father!

s own namer:

The degree of estimation in which any profeson is held, becomes the standard of the estimaon in which the professors hold themselves.

tion in which the professors hold themselves.

As it is a characteristic of great wits to so
much in a few words, so small wits seem to ha
the gitt of speaking much and awing nothing.

Truth has force, reason authority, and justipower; but they are without laster, if the ungraceful way and manner of doing be wanting.

The same pride which makes us condemn to
faults we imagine ourselves exempt from, incitin
us to despise the good qualities we are not pe
sessed of.

Mental pleasures never also mailte.

Mental pleasures never cloy—unlike those the body, they are increased by repetition, proved of by reflection, and strengthened by joynent.

joyment.

A man should never glory in that which is common to a beast, nor a wise man in that which is common to a fool, nor a good man in that which is common to a wicked man.

"I have heard," say Mr. Henry, "of a married comple with, though they were boil of a briefled comple who, though they were boil of a by simply observing a rule on which they had mutually agreed. Never to be both angry together."

Joker's Budget.

The editor of a newspaper down east has been bled, to improve the circulation of his paper.

A man in New Orleans is so upright in all his dealings, that he wour sit while at his meals. It is absurd to speak of the "seat of war," for war can hardly be said to have a seat while it is at a stand still.

When a newspaper.

ta stand still.

When a person is carrying a cotton numbrella, tis, curious enough, mover his own property—
tis, curious enough, mover his own property—
the part of the provided if from a friend to the property of the provided in the provided in the property of the provided in the provided in the provided in the property of the provided in the prov

for themselves.

The most annoying beggar in the world is the man who is always begging the question; he is worse than the Frenchman who is forever begging your pardon.

"Why don't you give us a little Greek and Latin occasionally!" asked a country deacen of the new minister. "Why, do you understand thore languages!" "No, but we pay for the best, and we ought to have it."

best, and we ought to have it.

A doctor and military officer became enamored of the same lady. A friend inquired of her which of the two suitors she intended to favor. Her reply was, that it was difficult for her to determine, as they were both such killing crea-

determine, as any wave of the state of the s

Onill and Scissors.

A bill is now before the Canadian Parliament, designed to search a proper observation of the Gardian Canadian Parliament, designed to search a proper observation of the Sabatah. It provides that on that also of the Sabatah. It provides that on that also offers shall be opened, nor any mail matter be delivered; no mail shall be made up or despatched; all those nor reaching their destination on Saturday shall hold over; and that the locks on Saturday shall hold over; and that the locks on Saturday shall hold over; and that the locks on Saturday shall hold over; and that the locks on Saturday shall hold over; and the locks on Fifth arenue, New York. It has a chapel, gymnastim, picture gallery, etc. The entire cust of the building and ground is estimated at \$300,000; fescolous, the contract for stone is about \$300,000. If secolous, the contract for stone is about \$300,000. A young mast by the name of Ansley, who a year ago forged his employer's name in New York and the proceed, has been recently arrested by the Parsian polic, who, having been turnished the Parsian polic, who have been engaged in on that coast. According to that paper, hundreds its that whale fashing has not been engaged in on that coast. According to that paper, hundreds of wholes shap we seen expounting almost any day off Hembold Eay. Within the past few mouths and the parsian policy and the provides the Parsian of Monterey.

munitary males have been captured in the harbot of Monterey.

On the last day of the session of the Vermont Legislature a resolution passed the House to pay a member for his overcoat, which had been atolied during session hours, but the Senate rejected it on the ground that it would be dime enough for the State to pay for the coat when it had stolen k, and not before.

on the ground that it would be time enough for the State to pay for the coat when it had stolen it, and not before. From trees of his own planting, R. C. Geer has produced excellent pergy. With a cheese press he made three quarts from ten pears, averaging seventeen ounces each. He has determine he lives.

The Brattleboro' Engle states that Mr. Larkin the lives.

The Brattleboro' Engle states that Mr. Larkin Ediling trees, by a blow from a falling branch. He was cariedontally killed a few days since, while celling trees, by a blow from a falling branch. He was thirty-seven years of age.

Xincty-six good sized scorns, with car and plooking turkey, that was killed by R. E. Bennis, of Worcester, on Monday week, diminished per per sessentially the culinary value of the fowl.

By a recent order from Washington, the enlistment of foreigners into the Marine Corps, now stationed at the Chalestown Navy Yard, is been sent to all our military posts.

Elias Smith, of Barnarty, Vt., had his skull fractured on the 10th uit, causing his death in a few hours; while felling trees in the forest, a detached branch from the tree he was felling struck him upon the head.

Mrs. Barrett, a young struck by a falling truck him upon the head.

Mrs. Barrett, a young struck by a falling the scene a few days since, in the midst of a pide scene a few days since, in the midst of a pide scene a few straing a library cintrely composed of works written by women, in variegas languager.

Nebraska covers an area of 341,425 square milles—equal to over 218/000,000 for recever.

milic, which is squal to sever \$0,000,000 arries of land.

Milliam North, the author and poet, commisted suicide fine Nort York, on Treeday week, by taking pressic soid. Peeunlary embarrassment was the cause of the acc.

The annual report from the U. S. Land Office, asys that the large immigration for the peak year, has enlarged the land sales to the sum of \$8,000,000.

A Yankee at Panama sought shelter at the American Consul's from the earthquake; he thought even the earthquake would respect our

thought even the extraording the control of the con

It is said that a large number of clergymen ave been elected to the Massachusetts Legisla-

have been elected to the Massachusetts Legisla-ture.

The eye of the butterfly consists of 17,000 lenses, each as perfect as the human eye.

There were 190,000.000 pounds of tobacco produced in the United States in 1855.

There were 2,000,000 gallons of wine produced in the United States in 1855.

In Indiana, firemen are exempt from taxation on 5200 worth of property.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Henry S. Hayden to Miss Sarah Scott.
By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Charles M. Gowing to Miss Maris Annes.
By Rev. Dr. Gannett, Mr. George H. Kingebury to Miss Elizabeth Watts. Elizabeth Watts.

By Rev. Mr. Huntington, Mr. Charles H. Hawes to
Mis Abbie B. Tyler.

By Rev. Dr. Feshody, Mr. Charles Eliot Guild to Miss
Mary Lyman Elion.

By Rev. Mr. Schwatzs, Mr. John L. Daly to Miss H.
Pauly.

Mr. Mr. Mr. W. Mr. Mr. John L. Daly to Miss H.

De Brigger and Comment of the Commen Christics Annual M. John F. Caldweit to ame with Holding. Where Mr. Livemore, Mr. Augustus S. At Nadden, by Rev. Mr. Livemore, Mr. Augustus S. At Nadden, Huightain by Rev. Mr. Poffier, Mr. Caleb S. Stoddard to Mice Lyttle A. Burtlett. At Newbury port, by Rev. Mr. Bichardson, Mr. J. F. Hat Newbury port, by Rev. Mr. Bichardson, Mr. J. F. Little Reverly, Mr. John E. Giddings to Miss Namile T. At Beverly, Mr. John E. Giddings to Miss Namile T.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Joseph S. Bennett o Miss Chra A. Wilson.

Deaths.

To this city, Mr. Metilda E. Brayton, 18; Mise Calindrine F. Perkins, 21; Mr. William Brown, 72; Mrs. Mary Barwagaer, 32; Inscen Samuel Tenney, 73; Mrs. Mary Barwagaer, 32; Lucen Samuel Tenney, 73; Thomas E. A. Charfedown, Mrs. Nancy Rugg, 74; Mr. David Austin, 65.

At Charfedown, Mrs. Nancy Rugg, 74; Mr. David Austin, 65.

At Janusics P. L. M. Region, 18; Mrs. Mise of Mr. William Mattnews, 3r. 20; Mrs. Neseen, Woods, 83.

At Janusics P. L. Mary, 18; Mrs. Mrs. Mise of Mr. William Mattnews, 3r. 20; Mrs. Nancy, 18; Mrs. Nancy C. A. A. Salem, Mr. Berjands Fett, 84.

At Salem, Mr. Berjands Fett, 84.

At Salem, Mr. Berjands Fett, 84.

At New Budford, Mr. Farches Wilcox, formerly of Tivales, 18; Mrs. Mrs. Macy P., wife of Mr. Gidson Y. A. Vewbury-Dert, Mary B. Hood, daughter of Mr. Gidson X. A. Vewbury-Dert, Mary B. Hood, Billehock, 90, native of Ruthand, Vc. A. Perremonath, N. H. Copt, Samuel Pl. Lett, 88.

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The Flag of our Tuion. -> 24< - SH 3000

Written for The Flag of our Union.] SHALL MEET THEE AGAIN.

BY JULIUS O CONT

I shall meet thee again * O, could I but see Through the veil of mortality shrouding my sight, My mind, all untrammeted, would wander with thee, O'er the reals of the pure, in a world of design. See more to reflect on the steed, burded past,— No more to known for the lost, for away— Bost to live and revel in giories that cast A hate differ cound the altar of day.

I shall meet thee again! Though sad was the hour When thy form, in its youth, was consigned to the

* tomb;

s thought, to my heart of mysterious powe
slafted a bright ray in the midst of its gloom;
know that the grave, with the mold and the
n errer enchain the free spirit to earth;
all grow and earich the pure, life giving germ.
round the bright stars in the home of its birth.

I shall meet thee again! when the veil that now day
My spirit's giad vision, hath 'mainbed away;
Yes a vision unto which it institutively hearkens,
Calls up through the portals of holier day.
I shall meet the again! O, the joy of that meeting,
In a world where the raptores of hope never die;
Where the soul nover mourans over boy that are riset unit.
I shall meet thee again, in thy home in the sky!

HARRY PERCY HOWARD.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

CHAPTER I.

A union which the equality of our family and riches seemed to point out.

Ah! hs! cried the cursts, have we got goblins too in the house?—Don Quixots.

"Axto therefore, provided it meets with your approbation, I shall think it advisable that the young couple enter into the boads of matrimony as soon as possible." Ele, what I—shar's this it and the old gentleman rubbed his spectacles, and re-read the last sentence that had met his eye in the open letter before him. Mr. James Bennett, the gentleman in question, was portly, pink complexioned, and bald-head-enter him of the old gentleman in question, was portly, pink complexioned, and bald-head-enter him of the old gentleman in question, was portly, pink complexioned, and bald-head-enter him of the old gentleman in question, he had always resided in that city, and by the wine trade had amassed a large fortune; the ole heir to this wealth was his nephew. Henry Percy Howard, a handsome, adventurous, care-less youth of seventeen, mirerally spoilt by every one of his relatives and friends. Mr. Bennett had a partner, resident at Rio Janeiro—a Spanish creole, and a widower with one child, he Donna Isidors, who had reached the age of nearly twelve years at the opening of this story. The first and only visit which Mr. Bennett had made Don Pedro d'Estivan was on the occasion of the infant isidors, who had reached the age of nearly twelve years at the one of the him of him of the him of the him of the him of him of the him of him of the him of him of

"I believe, uncle James, that notwithstand-ing our somewhat lengthy engagement, I am as yet ignorant of the exact age of my intended

yet ignorant of the exact age of my intended bride."

"Let me see. Ah—yes,—the fact is, Peerg, he is rather a juvenile bride, and will consequently make rather a juvenile wife, and till consequently make rather a juvenile wife, as it is about twelve years since I attended her christening, at which time she had obtained the mature age of six weeks 1"

Do you mean to say that I am to marry a child of that age, uncle James 1"

A queer smile played upon the elder gentleman's lips, as he replied:

"One would hardly think the bridegroom so venerable but that his betrothed might retort in she own words. But, of course, you will return and pursue your studies, and when your wife shall arrive at her eighteenth year, she may be claimed—you will then be twenty-three, and probably by that time will not be sorry to settle down to a handsome glantation and sundry money-bags, to say nothing of a pretty, charming wife, perhaps."

"I wonder if she is pretty?" Percy uncon-

money-negs, to say nothing of a pretty, charm-ing wife, perhaps."

"I wonder if she is pretty?" Perey uncon-sciously ejaculost.

"Ou this point I cannot inform you; but you'll soon find out, my boy. I have seen her to be sure, but really, as all blashes strikingly re-semble each other, I am not much the wiser as to be presented loads."

remous any accident at the landing, where Don Pedro awaited them. Time had changed the latter so much that his partner did not recognize him at first, and ill health had given him such a yellow, wrinkled countenance, that Harry inwardly hoped his daughter resembled him as slightly as possible, the more so that he perceived several slight indications of extreme haughtiness in his future father-in-law's manner. A most singular, massive conveyance, drawn by four cream-colored horses, was in waiting, of so clumps a construction, and so overloaded with ormanent, that the little delicate-limbed animals seemed awallowed up by a monstrous, yellow dragon. The unfortunate horses were still further distressed by enormous, bungling harnesses, thickly plated, and addle cloths — for there were two positions—aweeping to the ground, with timel fringe.

The cocheman and footmen were negroes, habited in a desperate attempt at livery, which consisted of broad-brimmed straw has, with gold bands, and a bunch of particelored feather, old, faded, swallow-tailed coats, that reached below the knees, made of red material faced with yellow, and although the day was excessively hos, buttoned sight to hide the absence of a vert; blue and white striped cotton pantalons, originally, but now curbhort as a substitute for breeches, and tied to the knee with yellow, and although the day was excessively hos, buttoned sight to hide the absence of a vert; blue and white striped cotton pantalons, originally, hut now curbhort as a substitute for horse a very red-looking spoplecic bouquet, which seemed to embarrass them considerably. All this accumalism of glovy, in each and every instance, was supported on two bare, black lags and feet, which, owing to the unnatural constraint imposed upon all motion by the tight, novel garments, appeared to be continually in the owner's way. As Percy surveyed them, he involuntarily thought of the image in Nebuchadnezars's dream, which rejoiced na golden beach, but the remediations of the regarded children, whom they

equipage was in his eyes, by the residents of the place it was a highly venerated and admired clef d'euror.

Matters, however, began to assume a better aspect on reaching Don Pedro's dwelling. A high, handsome stone wall enclosed an immense thickly wooded park, and at the entrance were two stone pillars, surmounted by a grinning dragon, bolding a shield with the family arms cut upon it. A long winding avenue led to the bouse, which was like and a long winding avenue led to the bouse, which was like and a long winding avenue led to the bouse, which was like and a long dasty road. They were received by shrubbery, and there was a depth in the cool, green shade that was v.ry agreeable after the long dusty road.

They were received by the sister of their host, a widow, who had kept his house ever since his wife's death, and who was introduced as Senora Gumann. She was tall, sharp-featured, and on the wrong side of forty, but very fluent, officious and self-sasisfied. After a few minutes' conversation, Don Pedro inquired for his daughter, but with a visibly heightened color, and much embarrassment Donna Dorotea replied that a violent with a visibly heightened color, and much embarrassment Donna Dorotea replied that a violent which a visibly heightened color, and much embarrasment Donna Dorotea replied that a violent was raised to behold the remainder of this interesting household, but he turned to the window and amused himself with watching the proceedings in the patio, or court yard.

There was ovidently a jubilee of some sort going on, and Percy surveyed with eagerness this sample of a class, hitterior unknown to him. There were nearly a dozen negroes assembled, hand house the proceedings in the patio, or court yard.

There was ovidently a jubilee of some sort going on, and Percy surveyed with eagerness this sample of a class, hitterior unknown to him. There were nearly a dozen negroes assembled, and house the subilee of a horn, blown by an obese negro, with a scamp portion of clothing, and who sat squarted in a co ous zeal, he whiteled above his head from time to time, accompanying this performance with fan-tastic motions of the feet and head, thrusts of the tongue, and blinking of the eyes. Seven or eight negroes sai in a circle, watching with au-adible admiration the Terpsichorean feats of a couple in their midst. A buryl salve, dressed in a short frock tied around the waist, was dancing something resembling the polita, only infinitely more stormy, with a negress of such vast proportions, that Percy could suppose ber nothing else than the cook, and whose apparel consisted of a brillant yellow dress, with a bright green flounce, reaching a little below the knee, a turban of searlet cloth, and a large bauch of blue feathers.

a turban of searlet cloth, and a large bunch of blue feathers.

The affected grace of this couple, especially the woman, who frequently tossed her head on one side like a black, woolly ball, and held her skirt to one side with a thumb and forefinger, was perfectly overcoming to Percy; but his mirth reached its climax, when a strange-lock-ing creature bounded into the yard and com-menced a series of topy-like gryations, which entirely threw into the shade every previous exhibition.

entirely threw into the shade every previous exhibition.
This singular being was not tall, but quite slender, and was habited in a trailing red blank-et; her raven and Indian-like straight hiair in dishevelled trasses to her feet, and a fantastic crown of enormously high peacock feathers. Her maniae evolutions were accompanied by a running series of war-whoops, and when at last she finished a magnificent piroute, Percy, in an agony of laughter, called out:

"O, uncle James, do come and look at this

"O, uncle James, do come and look at this hidden creature!"
A general rush caused, but no sooner did Donan Dorotea's glance light-upon the ridicalous olject, than with a faint scream she rushed from the room; at the same time Don Pedro directed the attention of his guests to a cabinet of curi-ostics at the farthest end of the apartment. Without any apparent reason, an awkward restrained fill upon all three, and Donan Dorotea's extrance did not dissipate it, although she chattered incessmity.

The next day Harry was informed that the ceremony would take place the following morning, as his studies required his immediate return to Boston. Accordingly the chapel, which adjoined the house, was decorated with much splendor, and at a few minutes to the appointed hour, the bridgeroom and his party were assembled.

Just as the clock struck, a scuffle was heard in

Just as the clock struck, a scuille was heard in Just as the clock struck, a scuttle was nearu in the passage, which, mingled with sceams of rage, drew nearer, and Harry turning to discover the cause, beheld his bride for the first time. A thin, sharp-featured, sallow, ngly-tempered looking girl, dressed in a white satin, with a forest of deep blonde lace trimming, her long, swartly neck and arms loaded with ornaments, and her

deep blonde lose trimming, ner long, swardly neck and arms loaded with ornaments, and her long, lank hair, which had been elaborately braided, now torn down in the struggle, while the orange flower wreath was crushed and torn, and a magnificent veil draggled off her head and rent in teveral places, was being dragged forcibly towards the altar. With horror, Harry perceived the goblin of the court-yard and his betroubed were one and the same! He looked on, feeling that some awful nightmare had possession of him, but when the frastic creature threw herself prostrate on the marble pavement, screaming in harsh, wity tones, "I woun! I won! Let me alone, or I'll tear your eyes out!" Harry bent his head on the altar railing with a groan; but his uncle whispered:

or I'll tear your eyes out?" Harry beat his head on the altar railing with a groan; but his unce whispered:

"Harry—Harry, my boy! restrain yourself—it is too late now for us to recede."

At this instant the wiry tone again exclaimed, "I wont be married! Never—never!"

A few minutes of expostulation on the part of her father followed, to which she replied:

"You needn't try to coax me into any promise. Well, which is he? Why don't you tell me where he is?"

By this time, all the groups were in proper order, and taking her by the hand, Don Pedro led her to Harry's side, uttering a formal introduction. Isidora raised her fierce black eyes, and gave a defiant, prolonged stare, so that Percy, who was not at all bashful, was almost embarrassed. Apparently astisted with her survey, the young lady turned quickly around to the priest, and abruptly said:

"Well, why don't you go on !"

This speech was hailed with delight by her relations, and Donna Dorotes officiously began to make more than the contemporary of the priest, and abruptly said:

"Let use alone, or I wout speak another word!, I would so the her word!, I would so the hair was long to the carmonia of the priest, and supply the correction of the priest, and abruptly said:

"Let use alone, or I wout speak another word!, I would so the structure of the priest, and separate the transparent of the many sear anheeded; he was contemplating with desparing the carmonia of the priest, and the hair was long and thick, however, although uncared for; and her teeth were white and every sharp, the large crocked nose, and the maniae, speech of the huge, lake black eyes, that looked so unfeminine, so revengeful, and flendish. Her his was not an interest of the and was very sharp, the large crocked nose, and the maniae, speech of the huge, lake black eyes, that looked so unfeminine, so revengeful, and flendish. Her his was any standard the proportion between the height and breadth of her face, which was very sharp, the large crocked nose, and the maniae, speech of the huge, la

cared for; and her teeth were white and even, yet savage, as if they belonged to some carnivorus animal.

As Harry gazed, he responded mechanically; but when he repeated the clause "to love, cheirand protect," at the word love, kidora again fixed her eyes upon him, and doubtless reading inked her eyes upon him, and doubtless reading like the eyes upon him, and doubtless reading his which thilled and spell-bound her bridegroom. It hanned him for years; sometimes it came in his dreams, and he would wake with a cry of agony on his lips.

With a intered light burning in her eyes, and a fire-spot on her cheek, she earnestly made her responses; but when at the close of the ceremony, Percy in obedience to a covert sign from his uncle, offered a kiss, she violently flung her-self from him, rushed from the chapel, and lock-ing herself up, refused every one admittance.

It was evident that no one dared to thwart her, and Harry was obliged to depart without seeing her again—for which he devoutly thanked Heaven; but previously he sent by her aunt a magnificent bracelet, in the form of a serpent, as a present, and Donna Dorotea's nability to let any occasion for a fine speech pass by unimproved.

When Perey returned, he applied himself closely to his studies, and just as they were concluded the Mexican war brok out. Every one was one send with a certained, his uncle consented. Perey opened his eyes, but finally concluded it was all using to Donna Dorotea's inability to let any occasion for a fine speech pass by unimproved.

When Perey returned, he applied himself closely to his studies, and just as they were concluded the Mexican war brok out. Every one was consisting; nothing would serve but our young hero must join the army, and seeing him thus determined, his uncle consented. Percy opened him and the present many of the heaven't her were were and the word in a word of the protect of

ever, with his bright dark-blue eyes, that were shaded by long—as he sometimes impaintedly said—roomanly eyelashes, which gave them at times a softness, though the prevailing expression was an eager, brave, joyous, and often mirthful one. His bright, golden brown hair fell in short, curling waves, and his face, say yet un-shadowed by an incipient moustache, was sparkling and brilliant. In form, he was tail and slender—just the figure for a lieutenan's uniform! So of he went to win his epaalettes, with what success shall be shown presently.

CHAPTER II.

"A meteer flashed athwart his sight—
An instant lit the verge or night.
Set in shoots the star—the meteor's fled—
Set in shoots the star—the meteor's fled—
Set in shoots the star—the meteor's fled—
Chente deathers religan leads of the following three years—the war is at an end, and among the acquaintances Harry Howard had formed during this time, were two ladies—annt and nicco—and charming in the extreme. The older, Donna Estella Lexuma, was a dashing widow of thirty—yes, she owned to the fact l—and the nicce, Donna Hermione of Castellan, was a perfect galaxy of charms. She was exquisitely proportioned, and delicately slender, with soft, dark waving hair, and deep liquid eyes, with the gentle radiance of a starry winter's night; a light, clear, furnetic complexion, and a most lovely mouth. There was a yielding grace in her manner. In short, she realized the form called up by the lines:

"Pretty and vitty, viid and yet gentle."

Pretty and witty, wild and yet gen

"Pretty and visty, wild and yet gentle."

The first time Harry saw Donna Hermione, was at the theatre. He was standing in the pit during the performance of an extravagent dance, performed by a young woman in cachine containe, with exaggerated flounces, when turning away in weariness and disapprobation, he encountered a lovely, youthful face, as fresh and pure as the waxen camelia in the bouquet she held. Her dress, unlike that of any other lady present, was very simple—a snowy, cloud-like muslin, with a few satin ribbons, and a little lace, not blonde; a few pearls twined in the soft folds of her hair, and a circle of the same gems around her swan-like neck, were her sole ornaments. The lady by her side was dressed nearly as simple, yet with rich dark colors that harmonized well with her darker complexion and condition.

monized well with her darker complexion and condition.

As Percy glanced upward, he had caught her gaze fixed upon him, and he fancied a bright blash followed the averted eyes. Several times in the course of the evening those beautiful orbs were hastily withdrawn, and although delighted, he was not surprised—for, although by no means conceited, Percy could not affect ignorance of the fact, that he was the lion of the day, an act of unusual bravery having won him the title of lieutenant. As he gazed upon her lovely countenance, he became aware that his heart, until shot over him as he remembered what he was—a married man!

then untouched, had now field, and an icy chill shot over him as he remembered what he was—a married man!

The form and face of his bride rose up in fancy between himself and this beautiful creature, with a lowering, malignant scowl of those fear-fully-piercing dark eyes, and in bitterness of spirit he cursed the hour of his birth. It was a fault himself and this beautiful creature, with a lowering, malignant scowl of those fear-fully-piercing dark eyes, and in bitterness of spirit he cursed the hour of his birth. It was a fault himself and thing to endure, and he resolved to throw off the blighted yoke—to ignore the existence of Sidorn, and make the acquaintance of this lady. This was no hard matter, as a mutual friend quickly accomplished an introduction, and soon Percy was chatting with the lively, dashing widow, and her gentle, retring niece. The position of the two ladies had been given previously by a friend, and was as followes:

Donna Estella Lexuma was in possession of a large fortune, left her by her husband, much to all the numerous suiters that had besieged her in the five years following his death. Being somewhat lonely at the head of an extensive establishment, she had adopted a nice of her husband's, and who seemed as thoroughly hard-harted and deaf to suitors as her annt, therefore when she was observed to niter limit replies beyond monosyllables occasionally, and from time to time smile faintly and shyly at him, sundry gents were astonished—she had never looked so at them! So they twirled their moustaches, and looked exceedingly belligerent, all of which Percy observed with the most starling, for Percy to call some morning, which the young lieutenant immediately acted upon. Harry was now twenty-two, and looked forward to the next year with dread. He regarded the twelve months that intervened as so many straws for a dying man, and resolved that somethaming muse "turn up" meanwhile, the more cannestly to be desired since he had yielded the twelve mouths that intervened as so many straws for a dyi

adoration plainer than his lips could have atter-ed it; and Percy as frequently saw gleaming in the rich soft tresses of his lady-love, flowers he had that morning presented. Donna Estella seemed well pleased, and even gave Percy every opportunity to declare his sentiments—yet still he kept silence. But at length the time came. But at length the time of invitations were issue

opportunity to declare his sentiments—yet still he kept silence. But at length the time came. A large number of invitations were issued for a fancy ball to be held at the house of Don Jose d'Alvares, and among the number included were Percy and Donna Blermione.

The ovening in question arrived, and in the costume of a Highlander, and personating "Waverly." Percy repaired to the gay seene. He was admirably fitted, in face and figure, for the character represented, and the garments themselves seemed so completely at home on their weaver, that it was difficult to believe the hone, fibel living, hreathing embodiment of Scott's creation did not stand before you. There were the capie cycs, the sanny suile, the bright chestma thair, and the soft fascination of manners. Our here had not sought amid the crowd long, ere his eye lightened up, and the color of his check deepended. At the upper end of the adms stood the Donna Hermione, and on either side, her aunt and an attendant cavalier. She was dressed in a floating robe of deep blue gauze, with a veil of the same material enveloping her whole figure as with a mist, and thickly spangled with stars. Through this haze sparkled a girdle of flashing gens, and resting on the soft waves of her hair, was a broad circlet of opals, with a large createst of pearls on its front. Donna Estella was habited as a gipsy queen, which admirably became her style of beauty.

Percy advanced to the ladies and requested the pleasure of dancing the quadrille, which was then forming, with Donna Hermione. Permission being readily accorded, that set and seyreral succeeding ones were entered into with spirit on both sides, after which a promeasde on the plazza, which ran around the house, was proposed. This portice was filled with perfune, for the lattice overhead was covered with creeping plants, which falling gracefully over the edges, formed a natural wall on the side next the graceden. Here the young couple paced up and down without interruption, for the rest of the merry party were yet dancing within, and while Percy party were yet a passing the popen windows could see distinctly what was taking place in the hall by the brilliant chandeliers, he and his companion were invisible in the leafy walk, it only by the moonlight which quivered on the floor with the movements of the boughts.

At last the two ceased in their p At last the two ceased in their pronemale by an opening in the vines at the end of the veran-dah, and stood gazing silently in the garden be-low. Presently Percy took within his own the hand that rested on his arm. Donna Hermione turned her face to him, and their glances met. Percy now lost no time, but made open, full con-fession of his sentiments, adding at the conclu-sion: "But you must know there is first one ob-stacle to be surmounted before I may call you mine."

Donna Hermione looked the inquiry she did

Donas Arcminote looked the inquiry she did not speak.

"As you are aware," resumed Percy, "I have been brought up and educated by an uncle, who has supplied a father's place to me. Ho had a partner, who resided in Rio Janeiro, and when I had attained the age of five years, Providence saw fit to bless him with a daughter—the Dona Liddora. It was agreed between my uncle and himself, that she should become my wife at a suitable age. She had attained her twelfth year, I my seventeenth, when Don Pedro d'Estivan the vonne [addy's atther, falling into Ill health; in suitable age. She had attained her twelfth year, I my seventeenth, when Don Pedro d'Estivan the young lady's father, falling into ill bealth, it was thought desirable that the ceremony should be performed without loss of time. Accordingly, in company with my uncle, I salled for Rto Janeiro. I will not shock you by detailing the horrible ugliness of my bride, or the disgusting seene that occurred even at the aftar. I saw her none—would to Heaven I might never see her again!"

"Dop Earlone."—6. ""

again!"
"Dop Enrique,"—for Percy was called so by his Spanish friends,—"Don Enrique, how dare you insult me by this avowal of love when your hand is another's ?"
"Stay! Listen to me, Donna Hermione. I wedded her, it is true, but our religious being

"Stay! Listen to me, Donna Hermione. I wedded her, it is true, but our religions being different, another ceremony by a Protestant minister is required to make the marriage legal; that was deferred till some future day, thank God! I left Rio Jameiro immediately, and in one year I shall be expected to claim her—"
"But what is this to me!"
"What? I will tell her my feelings, and she will not, cannot seek to bind to her side a man whose whole heart is filled with love for another, and loathing for herself!"
"No, Percy!—this must not be. She has a claim upon you, and I know by my own heart it would be death to lose you after five long anxious years of hope and expectation."
"Hermions, you do not understand her coarse, fiendish nature. No doubt she will herself rejoice in the release, for she was dragged by main force to the altar; her eyes had the glare of a wild animal?" and Percy shuddered at the frightful recollection. "O, Hermione! say that you love me—that you will be mine!"

Donna Hermione's hand was clasped in his, and the moon shone ful upon them. Percy was bending slightly forward to the lovely, delicate girl by his side. Hermione turned to him, raised her eyes, and looked up into his face with such an expression! So sad, so carnest, so loving; it bespoke the entire devotion of a true woman's heart.
"Percy, I am a despised, cast-off wije!"

"Percy, I am a despised, cast-off wife! Her lips closed; still that gaze, more despair-ig, more devoted, if possible, but otherwise not

ing, more devoted, if possible, but otherwise not a muscle changed.

For an instant, Percy remained spell-bound;

For an instant, Percy remained spell-bound;

then with a groan he sank down upon the railing, and covered his face with his hands.

"Mark me, Percy. An outcast from my husband's heart, yet for no fault of mine."

"Then aki is right!" eagerly, almost joyously exclaimed Percy. "If he has injured you. I will seek him out, and his life shall be the forfeit!"

"Percy, were he even dead, I could not be yours; there would be a greater obstacle still, raised up from his lifeless body;"

"And that?"

"I could not marry his mardeter!"

"And that?"
"I could not marry his murdeter!"
"Do you love him, Donna Hermione!" asked
Perey, with a dark flush and harried breath.
"Have I been trilled with!"
There was a terrible significance in his tones.
"Perey Howard, I do and over shall love you
as man seldom is loved! Let that suffice—fare-

"Stay!" exclaimed Percy, rising; but she

"Stay!" exclaimed Percy, rising; Dus nu-was gone.
Engerly he searched the crowded saloous—the aunt and niece had both left; and when Harry sought the villa next morning, he was informed that neither of the ladies had returned from Don Jose d'Alvarez's fete, but had departed, no one knew whither, a note having been found written by Donna Estella, saying it was uncertain when she should return, but making no mention whith-er she had gone.

CHAPTER III.

"All's well that ends well."

"All's wail that ends well."

Bafiled and disappointed, after a long and useless search for the whereabouts of Donna Hermione, Percy returned to his native city. He was warmly received by his unclean and all his numerous friends; but the former soon noticed the evident dejection of his nephec, and inquired the cause. With a shrug of the shoulders,

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ou hesitate the ditterer it will become, of suppose age will improve its qualities. She syet young; you may effect an alteration for

not suppose age will improve its qualities. She is yet young; you may effect an alteration for the better."

"Such hideous ugliness should excuse any man from wedding her!" impetuously exclaimed-Percy, auddenly breaking a short silence.

"Why, hey-day! what's the matter now 's She was just as ugly five years ago, but you did not then appear so frantic. Come, come, have you been no thoughtees as to allow your here to become captured by some fair Mexican senorita?" exclaimed the uncle.

"I must plead guilty; but her conduct puzzles me. She certainly was not adverse to me affrat; but when I explained my situation to her—whew! off she started, confessed her entire devotion to me, and then coolly informed me that the obstacle was double-headed—she was married as well as myself! And notwithstanding I most obligingly offered to shoot the gentleman, and obtain a divore from my wife, she actually refused, asying she could not wed a murder? Spanish women are not generally so squeamish!" and Percy paused for breath.

"Since by your own confession you cannot marry far, why do you object to Donna Isidora! If you are really in love with the Mexican lady, itshould be an indifferent matter whom you take," "Because, if I must be miserable, there is no necessity for my being more so than is absolutely essential. I suppose you recollect that Donna Lidora's health is not the strongest; there's no knowing what may happen. At all events, let us not borrow trouble."

In the borrow trouble."

But three months more remained before Percy must claim his bride, when a letter arrived from the Janetro amouncing the death of Don Pedro, and a request for the immediate presence of Mr. Bennet and Percy. They instantly made pregnations for departure, and too soon for Percy's wishes, the good ship entered the harber of Rio Janetro. As they entered the contry-pard of the house, a visible gloom pervaded everything, but it suited Harry bester than anything more lively. Down Islours was confined to her chamber by a violent illness, and to Percy's polite request for an interview, replied that she had rather not see any one but hear attendants for the present; but would receive any message or writing. Percy wrote a brief note which sounded cold even to his ears, inquiring if it was the Doma Islour's wish that the marriage should be confirmed, adding that if it was repugnant to her fellings, he would withdraw all claim to her hand; and apologised by asying as it had always been a mere business matter, he had thought it quite probable she might have a wish concerning the affair. Having despatched this missive, he awaited the issue with impatience, inwardly hoping her perverse obstinacy would aid him.

The next morning a letter was brought to him from Isidons, worded quite as coldly as his own, to his great relief, stating that as it was her desire to enter a convent, she should need but a small share of the immense property bequeathed her by her father, and therefore, as she had, no relations, and had herself broken the contract, He need consider, himself under no obligation to her, she added, as she had but complied with the conditions in her late father's will, by which, if she filled to marry Henry Percy Howard, she forficted to him the whole estate.

"I judged rightly that she had no heart!" exclaimed Percy, with a sigh of relief, not umminged with a little pique at her resigning him so easily. "But," added wounded vanity, "she has for the contract, the not one of the property because had n

room, and there beheld kneeling before a crucifix, the form of a woman, enveloped in a large, white veil.

Supposing Donna Isidora to be at her prayers, he retired to wait her pleasure, but the minutes passed and no sound met his ear. Thinking she might not be aware of his entrance, Percy made a slight disturbance, but still that motionless figure has been been a similar to the save of a muscle. Percy could bear it no longer—a horrible thought flash-darons his mind—he feared he knew not what, and rushing to the whiterobed form, he raised it in his arms. The veil dropped to the floor, disclosing the pale, tear-stained features of Donna Hermione d'Castellan 1º

We will draw the curtain over the scene that flowed, and briefly give a solution of the deception. Isidora had resolved at the altar to re-form her violent temper. Petted, feared, and possessed of unlimited power in her father's household, she was unconscious what a tyrant she had become. The glance of the young foreigner, so full of disgust and loathing, had rude-ly opened her eyes. In parsuance of a scheme to win her haband's love as stranger, she had completely changed herself, and maure having aided her in externals for the part she was to play, everything promised fair. An ann, who resided in Mexico had received her, and in the seen when had been alid, Isidora had reverself and achieved her victory. Percy bore his defeat with wonderful equanility, but always insisted upon calling his fair conqueror, Herminetts and achieved her victory. Percy bore his defeat with wonderful equanility, but always insisted upon calling his fair conqueror, Herminetts and achieved her victory. Percy bore his defeat with wonderful equanility, but always insisted upon calling his fair conqueror, Herminetts and achieved her victory. Percy bore his defeat with wonderful equanility, but always insisted upon calling his fair conqueror, Herminetts and achieved her victory. Percy bore his defeat with wonderful equanility, but always insisted upon calling his fair conqueror, Hermin

SINGULAR HEAD GEAR.—When the Landors, their journeyings in Africa, fell short of pressheir journeyings in Africa, fell short of press, they gave away in cases containing spoiled
table copp, see: The labels attracted the attable copp, see: The labels attracted the attable copp, see: The travellers were highly dimanents. The travellers were highly diornaments. The travellers were highly diornaments. The travellers with she had.

CAPTAIN TARPIN'S LESSON:

JACK IN A GALE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

This ship "Bremen" was owned and commanded by Capt, Silas Tarpin. He was an excellent sailor, a superior navigator, and a gentleman, when he saw fit; but he was one of those who seem to think that gentility is wasted on shipboard—that the true gentleman has no office among the rough sons of Neptune, and hence he was often rough and sever in his government at sea. A stoat, brawny, fearless sailor was his delight, and in such an one he could overlook an hundred faults. Capt. Tarpin was generally beloved by his men, for he was frank, and generous at times, and could be as condescending as he pleased. He was himself a powerful, bold, fearless man, and such, be it known, are more apt to command the respect of scamen than a weaker man, who might have the moral virtues of an angel. His mates, Messrs. Smith and Woodson, were both men after his own heart, though they had not his coolness in times of danger. In fact, since they had been with him, there had occurred no sudden emergencies where they were called upon for quick, cool judgment.

him, there had occurred no sudden emergencies where they were called upon for quick, cool judgment.

The ship had made her passage to Messina, and taken in her cargo of fruit and wine, and one bright, clear morning she made sail on her homeward-bound passage. While in the harbor of Messina, Capatain Tarpin had taken an American seaman on board, who wished the privilege of working his passage home to the United States.

His name was Jack Langley, and he had been left in the hospital by his own ship some three months before. According to his account, he had been seized with a malignant fever while on shore, and the commander of his ship was unyiling to take him on board in that state, but yet left money to pay his reckoning at the hospital. He was now rid of the fever, but sill somewhat weak and emaciated. His money was all gone, and he considered himself fortunate in having fallen in with Captain Tarpin, for he king to the head of the considered himself fortunate in having fallen in with Captain Tarpin, for he king to the head of the considered himself fortunate have that his strength was not equal to the Aror of a simple passage.

So Jack Langley came on board the "Bremen," and the crew were glad to see him. He appeared to be a good-hearted, fintelligent man, this recent severe sickness had diamout hut his recent severe sickness had diamout hut had here and here a

him.

It was a pleasant morning when the "Bromen" made sail from Messina, but on the second day out bad weather came on, and the crew
had to work hard. Captain Tarpin forzos that
Jack Langley was only to work enough to pay
his passage, and also that he had been sick,
and was consequently now weaker than the other men.

er men.
"Where's that Langley ?" cried Tarpin, one
cold, wet night, while the-crew were engaged in
close-reefing the three topsails.
"He's below, I think," answered Mr. Smith,
the first mate, who had charge of the deck at
that time.

that time.

"Below !" uttered the captain, in angry tones.
"Doean't he know that all hands have been called? Where's the boatswain? Here, you sir, go and rout that Langley out. Up with him!"
In a few minutes afterwards Jack Langley made his appearance on deck, and reported himself to the captain.
"Didn't you hear all hands called to shorten sail!" quickly asked Tarpin.
"Yes sir," was Jack's reply.
"And why didn't you come up!"
Langley hesitated a moment. He did not wish to plead an inability to work, for that would seem to indicate that he had secured his passage under false pretences.
"I was very fired," he at length said. "My head ached, and I felt too weak and—"
"Trieve, the!" broke in the captain, with a sneer. "I thought I took you to work your passage. Now go aloft and help reef that maintopsail. Let me eatch you sepring again!"
Jack made no reply, but with a quick movement he worked his way aloft.
"He's going to play the gentleman, is he!"
muttered Tarpin, after Langley had gone aloft.
"I'll take the laziness out of him."

Kow Captain Tarpin had thoughtlessly allowed the idea to come upon him that Jack was shirking, and he was not willing to neknowledge that he had been wrong. He saw the poor fellow more slowly about the deck while the other men moved quickly, and he did not like it. He did not stop to consider that Jack was weak, and perhaps faint, but he only remembered that he was caling and faring at the ship's expense, and that therefore he ought to work smartly.

After the topsails had been reefied, Jack went below. On the next day he was on deck about his duty, but he moved slowly, and did but little. The captain noticed it, and it made him angry. He allowed a feeling of dislike to take possession of him, and he failed not to exhibit it to the poor fellow on every possible occasion. In vain was it that Langley did his best, and in vain that he marched up promptly to his duty. He could not more quickly, and he could not pust it came he and upon him to have his commander sener and seoff, and bear cr

hard one; and often, when he heard the cold taunts that were thrown out against him, did he

tannts that were thrown out against him, did he wish that he might die.

To some it may seem almost impossible that a decent man could behave as did Capain Tarbin, but just let an old ship-master get a crotchect into his head, and you will find hard work to remove it. Now Tarpin had conceived the idea at first, that Jack was lazy, and this made him dislike the man, and this dislike once entertained, colored all other feelings towards him. He did not see that Jack was too prond to plead downright sickness, nor did Jack was really sick.

Thus matters went on for some time, and poor Jack's situation became painful in the extreme. He had grown more weak from over-exertion, and he had suffered excruciatingly from the taunts that had been heaped upon him. The ship had passed Gibraliar, and early in the morning she struck out into the Atlantic Cecan. Jack seemed to revive as he sumfiled up the fresh brees that cames sweeping across the broad ocean, and he tried to work well. The men had discovered that he was a superior senama, and that he also understood navigation thoroughly, and some of them had ventured to expostulate with the captain concerning his treatment, but without effect.

"I don't want any of your palavering,"

that he also understood navigation thoroughly, and some of them had ventured to exposituate with the captain concerning his treatment, but without effect.

"I don't want any of your palavering," as a Tarpin's response, on one of these occasions. "I can tell a lazy man when I see him. I don't wonder his own commander set him ashore."

Captain Tarpin had before that instinuated that Jack had bone set on shore because he was of no use on ship-board, and once Jack had made a hasty reply to the slander, and in pay therefore Tarpin slapped his face. From that moment Jack Langley was a different man. The blow was not to be easily forgotion, and he did his daty as before, but he scorned the hard-hearted man who had so basely trampled upon him. Tarpin read Jack's scorn in his pale features, and he was more angry than ever. Now he seemed to take real pleasure in tormenting him, and more than once he tried to make Jack insult him, so that he might have grounds for further abuse, but he did not succeed.

On the fourth morning after the ship hapsed (dibrattar, the wind was light and baffling, and the atmosphere was highly rarified. There was a heavy swell upon the sea, and the ship was tossed about like a cork. By noon the wind had come out from the southward, and the wind had come out from the southward, and the wind had come out from the southward, and the wind had come out from the southward, and the wind had come out from the southward, and the wind had come out from the southward, and the wind had come out from the southward, and the wind had come out from the southward, and the wind had come out from the southward, and the wind had come out from the southward, and the wind had come out from the southward, and the wind had come out from the southward, and the wind had come out from the southward, and the wind had come out from the southward, and the wind had come out from the southward, and the same time casting this eyes over the horizon. "No I guess not," seemed the captain, "at the same time casting this eyes over t

foretopmast-crosstrees.

"Where away 1" cried Tarpin.
"On the lee bow."

"That's Saint Maria." said the captain, speaking to his mate. "I supposed we should maketia about this time."

"After this, the order was passed for shortening sail, and ere long the wind came fresh and strong. The stout ship had it square upon the beam and she started swiftly on over the sea. But it was a wet, drenching job, for the long, heavy swells were coming down from the north-rid and east-rid, and this wind met them with a crashing effect. By five o'clock the wind had increased to a smart gale, but it was steady—the ship wenton safely. The heavy seas had been mostly overcome now, for the Azores broke them off as the ship was now to the southward of them. The island of St. Maria was almost abeam, and not more than twelve miles distant. At six o'clock the watch was called, and the second mate, whose name was Woodson, took charge of the deck, and shortly afterwards the captain and first mate went down into the cabin. The ship was now under refed courses and closs rerefed topsails, a balance-reefed spanker and fore-stayasal, and she was flying through the water at the rate of twelve knots an hour. Mr. Woodson had just moved away from the binnacle, and was going forward, when his attention was arrested by an exclamation from the cabin. The ship was a rested by an exclamation from the cabin to the helms and the water—coming down upon the quarter. He sung out to the helms and urge swept the whole length of the deck.

"Cling fast, boys," shouted Woodson, as the sea passed over. "There's no danger. Right the helm —quarter, and for some moments her stern was under water, and the mad surge swept the whole length of the deck.

"Cling fast, boys," shouted Woodson, as the sea passed over. "The tiller-rope is broken, sir," the man at the wheel cried, as he found that the wheel turned within the sea from the man as the wheel cried, se he found that the wheel turned within the sea the found that the wheel turned within the sea that the sea from the

the other side, and the heavy boom flew over like lighting. Tarpin and Smith both stood in its way, and they were knocked against the rail with a crash. Some of the men saw the disas-ter, and they buried up and picked the captain and mate up, but they were both senseless and powerless. Weodoso sprang aff again and look: ed at them, and as soon as he was satisfied that they were senseless, and perhaps the thought, dead—be ordered them to be carried to the cabin.

they were senseless, and perhaps he thought, dead—he ordered them to be carried to the cabin.

The ship was now entirely at the mercy of the wind and seas. The spanker was still dying, and this kept he ship's head towards the shore, and she was making her way towards the rocks at a fearful rate. Mr. Woodson was completely unnered. He was a good sailor, but never before had be been placed in such an emergency. His two superiors were gone, and he was left now to command. He looked ahead, and he saw the black rocks lashed by the crashing surge, and he knew that they were not far distant. He got a sparse spar out over the larboard quarter, but it had no effect. He ran up and down the deck, and for a while he was frautic with terror and excitement. He was not the man for such an emergency. His conduct, too, had much effect upon the men. When they saw him thus crazy with fear, they lost much of their own presence of mind.

"All hands shorten sail!" at length gasped Woodson, pale and trembling. "Strip off every inch of caravas, and stand by to wat away the masts."

"Mr. Woodson," said Jack Langley, who had

masts."
"Mr. Woodson," said Jack Langley, who had been an interested spectator of the scene, "if you strip her of sail she will go ashore in spite of fate."
""" """ """ """ "" 1 She must go!" uttered the

you strip her of sall she will go ashore in spito of fate."

"She must go! She, must go!" uttered the mate, trembling like an aspen. "God have merey ou us!"

"Bat she may be saved yet," calmly resum-ed Jack. "I have taken a ship out of a worse scrape than this!"

"What! Can you save her!" gasped Woodson, catching at the idea as a drowning man would catch at a plant. "I think so."

"Then in God's name, try!"
"But mind, I give no assurance, for I know no how this ship may behave."
"Try, try—take the ship—she is yours if you'll only try."

"Try, try—take the ship—she is yours if you'll only try."

Jack turned at once to the men and asked them if they would work with a will at his command; and they all answered, yes.

"Then break away the hamper from the long—boat," he ordered. "Work lively, now, and we'll have her off. The larboard watch clear the boat, and the starboard watch get out the yard and stay tackle falls. With a will, now. Here, Mr. Woodson, you help me clear this hawser."

Jard and stay tackle falls. With a will, now. Here, Mr. Woodson, you help me clear this hawser."

The men went to work stoutly, and they worked with a will, for the coolness and assurance of Jack gave them strong hope. The ship was mow within four miles of the shore, and the wind and star was designed to the store and the wind and star was designed to the store and the wind and star was designed to the startling sound fell upon their cars; but they did not hesitate in their work. Jack Langley urged them on cheerfully, and his orders were given with promptness and decision.

As soon as the heavy boat was cleared, the plug was pulled out from her bottom, and the stay tackle was then hooked on. A stout hawser was run out over the stern, and brought around outside of the mizzen and main rigging, and then made fast to the boat's bows, and after this she was hoisted out. As soon as the boat had been cleared from the yard tackles, the floated astern, where ahe was held by the hawser, the inner end of which had been secured to the mizzen-mast. Jack's next movement was to rig two guys, one upon each quarter, that were made fast to the hawser at some distance over the stern. Of course the heavy boat, having her play out, soon sank below the surface, and all was now ready for trial.

Now all this work had not been performed without labor and care, for the ship was heaving and pitching in all sorts of ways, and at times the firete wind threatened to knock her down. But Jack had kept his oyes about him, and with such adminstle precision had his orders been given, that not an accident or mishap had occurred.

As soon as the spanker sheet could be secured the larboard cury was hauled tast, thus bring-

nest the men who stood upon the poop. He turned, and sake a heavy see.—a literal mountain of water—coming down upon the quarter. He aung out to the helmsman to down with his helm, but before the order could be obeyed, the sea struck the ship. It struck full upon the quarter. He asked to the ship and the sake a stream was under water, and for some moments her stern was under water, and the mead urges weep the whole length of the deck.

"Ching fast, boys," shouted Woodson, as the sea passed over. "There's no danger. Right he helm—quick! Right the helm, I say!—Zounds! you'll have her up in the win!! Wonty you right its!"

But the officer's order was of no avail. The helmsman turned the wheel, 'bgt the ship did not answer.

"The tiller-rope is broken, sir," the man at the wheel cried, as he found that the wheel turned without felling any pressure from the tiller.

The mate sprang aft and looked over the stern, and with an exclanation of alarm he staggered back.

"The ridder's gene!" he gasped.

"Gone! The rudder?" cried Captain Tarpin, who had come on deck.

By this time the ship had worked off and generally before the wind, which was occasioned by the parting of the spanker-sheet, and she was consequently rushing madly on towards the toroky coast of the island. The exptain and first was considered from the parting of the spanker-sheet, and she was consequently rushing madly on towards the rocky coast of the island. The exptain and first was considered from the parting of the spanker-sheet, and she was consequently rushing madly on towards the rocky coast of the island. The exptain and first was considered from the captain as soon as the sea had swept over, and now they stood upon the new towards.

By this time the ship had worked off and generally the spanker the stood of the spanker the stood of the spanker the stood was the time of the spanker the stood was the stood was the same than both rushed up from the caking a soon as the sea had swept over, and now the stagered back.

The yarder is gone? The stood of the

In the mean time due attention was paid to the captain and first mate by the supercarge and the cook. Those two offices we will be a supercarge of them very severely injured, but only summed, though they were not brought to the summed, and the wind sail likely form the south, though they are also and the wind still held from the south, though its power was much absted. As soon as it was light, fack rigod his purchases over the stern, and his hawers at either quarter, and having estured kentledge enough to it to init it, he houseld the radder over, and by dint of much care said ingustity, the pintles were slipped into the eyes upon the stempost. After this the tiller was rigod, and then the long-bard this the tiller was rigod, and then the long-bard this the tiller was rigod, and then the long-bard this the tiller was rigod, and then the long-bard this the tiller was rigod, and then the long-bard this the tiller was rigod, and then the long-bard this the tiller was rigod, and then the long-bard this the tiller was rigod, and then the long-bard the sterning receipt with the said and a soon as he saw the ship steering freely with hack soon as he saw the ship steering freely with hards and on the said and as soon as he saw the ship steering freely with hards the said the said and the receipt and the said and the said and the said and the receipt and the said and the said and the said and the receipt and the said and the said and the said and the receipt and the said and the sai

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

Socrates—in extreme old age learned to play on musical instruments. Cato—at. 80 learned the Greek language. Platarch—at 70 began Latin. Bocacio—at 35 began to study politic literature. Six Henry Spellman commenced renewed his studies in Latin and law at 60. Dr. renewed his studies in Latin and law at 60. Dr. renewed his studies in Latin and law at 60 of his own times. Ogellik, translator of his own times. Ogellik, translator of Homer and Virigit, here worthing of Latin and Greek were not fully commenced till his 50th year. Dryden, in his 68th year, began the translation of the Illiad.—Transcript.

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The Flag of our Tuion. -> 34 - SK 380

Written for The Flag of our Union.] SONG OF THE REJECTED.

BY C. LEE CO

Nay, lady, ney, say why so proud?
Why scoru a love like mine?
I know there's many in yon crowd.
Who 'd swear their hearts were this
But, like the snow beneath the ann.
Their field: love would finde,
If Fortune's smile should be withdra.

al from the French for The Flag of our Union. JOACHIM MURAT.

Ar the Palace Griffoni in Florence, the residence of the Countess of Lipona, as soon as the piano ceased to accompany the airs of Bellinian always about midnight, those intimate thereformed themselves into a little committee of conversation, and exchanged stories until morning; there was an inexpressible charm about those evenings; the saloon was still in disorder after the conert or the ball; but the dancers and artitas had disappeared. The music was scattered over the stands; the lamps of the whist tables extinguished, and their seats vacant; to a multitude of joyous sounds succeeded a family conversation; tea was served, and wafers stamped with the arms of the Queen of Naples, by the immoral cook of Madame Dubarry. In these delicious national evenings we thought not of sleep. The Countess of Lipona always said:

"Three hours of sleep are sufficient for me;

"Three hours of sleep are sufficient for me;

"Three hours of sleep are sufficient for m it is a good habit which I owe to my brother

"Three hours of sleep are sufficient for me; it is a good habit which I owe to my brother the emperor."

And her friends were proud to conform thus to a habit derived directly from Napoleon. On leaving the palace, it often happened that we saw the rays of the dawn on the black colonnade of the offices and on the dome of San Spirito.

The Countess of Lipona cometimes related to us charming stories, with that Italian-French grace which never foreook her. The illustrious hergine had been a spectator of so many dramas, so many fetce, so many misortunes, the was never at a loss, when hes deligued to contribute her gart to the sufficients.

One night the circle drew more closely around her arm-chari; the noble woman amnounced something new, and her speech was veiled with motion; her beautiful and calm features contracted rigidly under the impression of a sad remembrance. Our silence interrogated her respectfully; she said to us:

"At the period when Italy was French, a sedition broke out in one of our regiments garrisoned at Livourna; it was a very serious safair; it was much more than a mutiny of the soldiers. The emperor appeared extremely irritated when he learned this intelligence; he promitted a severe example, and Joachim was commissioned to punish the undisciplined regiment. The orders of the emperor were precise and terrible; a council of war was not talked of, but immediate execution.

Joachim arrived at Livourns, and caused the

or war was not talked of, but immediate execution.

Joachim arrived at Livourna, and caused the
regiment to assemble on the Place d'Ames; he
announced to the soldiers that he had received
from the emperor a commission to punish and
that he should punish—the energy of his words,
his imperious and threatening gesture, and especially the authority of his name had already
made the rebellious troop submissive; the soldiers threw themselves at his feet; they were
tumble and supplicating. Joachim was moved;
he so kind! but he had his orders; he did violence to his emotion; he retained his angry look,
and with a threatening voice, exclaimed!

"Every tenth man is to be shot."

As you may believe, the consternation was

"Every tenth man is to be shot."

As you may believe, the constreasion was great; the regiment, imprisoned in its barracks, sent several depitation to Marta to imploor pardon. Officers and soldiers swore to devote themselves to death in the first battle, under the cycle of the emperor. Marist wastle, under the parent to the construction of the construction of the crime was so great, and the orders so decisive, that he exceeded that three soldiers, chosen from that he exacted that three soldiers, chosen from among the most mutinous, should expiate with their lives the crime of the regiment. The three victims were quickly designated; they were con-fined in a cell; their execution was announced for the morrow. The regiment remained under

arms.

In the middle of the night, Joachim secretly summoned the three soldiers; a gaoler, whose discretion could be relied upon, accompanied

discretion could be relied upon, accompanied them.

"You are to be shot to-morrow," said Marst to them (the soldiers burst into tears); "prepare yourselves for death, and fall like brave men, to efface the memory of your crime. I will undertake to transmit your last addeux and your regrets to your relatives; your families do not deserve such children as you; have you thought of your mothers! say—(cobs stilled their voices.) These poor women would have been proud of your founds dallen before the Austrian; but here! go, I will send you a priest to give you the aid of religion, think of France and of God; henceforth you are no longer of the world."

The soldiers threw themselves before the feet of Joachim, not to demand release, but pardon before death; and as they were leaving, Joachim recalled them:

"Listen," said he to them; "if I grant you your lives, will you be honest men?"
"We will die," replied one of the soldiers; "we have deserved death, let us be shot, it is

"We will die," replied one of the soldiers;
"We have deserred death, let us be shot, it is just."
"And if I am unwilling to have you shot," exclaimed Joachim, "why do you wish to die when I wish you to live! I have never ordered any but enemies to be shot; I will not order you to be, who are my brothers, who are Frenchmen, though very guilty."
And Joachim wept also, like a woman, he, the bravest of men! was it not so, gentlemen!
And we also wept, we, around the arm-chair of the Conutess of Lipona, who spoke to us so well of her heroic busband.

After a pause she continued her story:
"Listen to me," said Joachim, with a softened voice; "you are very guilty, but I recognize in you much energy of character; you will mind me well; if grant you life—it is necessary that you should seem dead to all, especially to your regiment. To-morroy, at nightfall, you will be conducted without the gates, on the glacks; you'll receive the fire of a platoon, at twenty paces, and will fall dead; at this moment, the still pace you will remeit the fire of a platoon, at twenty paces, and will fall dead; at this moment, the still pace you will receive the fire of a platoon, at twenty paces, and will fall dead; at this moment, the still pace you will receive the fire of a platoon, at twenty paces, and will fall dead; at this moment, the still pace you will receive the fire of a platoon, at twenty paces, and will fall dead; to the moment, the still pace you will receive will be counted out to each of you; you will remain concealed two or three days at an im which will be designated; in two or three days an American ship sails for New Orleans; it is there that you will go to live, and live as honest people, do you hear? You will be contented as a none as the wind is fair. Be prudent and follow the directions which will be designated; in two or three days at American ship sails for New Orleans; it is three that you will go to live, and live

with them.

Everything transpired as Joachim had planned. with them.

Everything transpired as Joachim had planned. A severe example was given to the regiment; no blood was shed, and the emperor, happliy deceived, thanked Joachim for having sacrificed the lives of three men only to the exigencies of his discipline. The emperor always remained ignorant of the generous stratagem planned by my hashand on this occasion; it was for a long time a secret known only to myself and some of our faithful friends, who have never betrayed it; at present no inconvenience can result from divulging it, as I have done to you."

After this confidence, the widow of Murat, too much affected to prolong the evening, withdrew to her apartments. We also were softened; we remained silent; all eyes were fixed on that magnificent portrait painted by Groe; it represents king Marat, in a heroic attitude, riding on horse-back along the shores of the Guif of Naples; the sky and the sea are tempestous; Vesuvius stands out in fames on the back-ground: Murat and Vesuvius, two volcanoes, face to face!

faced. The sequel of this story was related to me some months afterwards, at Rome, by a person intimate with the imperial family. It is like sem romantic denoments of a drama, which seem to belong less to real life than to the imagination

of a writer.

On the outskirts of a forest near New Orleans, a hunter knocked at the door of a pretty farm house, in order to obtain shelter from a violent storm; this was in the autumn of 1880. The hospitable door opened, and the stranger was introduced by an a sged woman into a very near room, simply furnished, and hung with Parisian pictures representing our principal feats of arms. "It seems," said the stranger, in French, "that my good star has led me among my countrymen."

trymen."
"Monsieur is doubtless French?" said the old

woman.

"Yes, madam, and a good Frenchman; I have even relatives bere, in this room."

"My son is in the garden; I will call him; he will be glad to see you."

"Is your son French, also?"

"Yes, sir."

This reply was made with a little hesitation; she added with more assurance:

"He has been long settle in this comment."

this reply was made with a fittle fleshation; she added with more assurance:

"He has been long settled in this country, and, thank God, has no reason to repent it; the farm belongs to him; we live respected; we are

farm belongs to him; we live respecteu; we are happy."

At this moment the master of the house entered. "

"This gentleman," said the mother, "has done us the honor to rest for a few noments with us, while waiting till the storm is over; he is one of our countrymen, he is French."

The master of the house made a military salute, and murmured a few civil words. The face of the stranger struck him singularly, and how say to much affected that he did not reply to his questions. At last he made a painful effort to address him.

address him.

"Sir," said he, "you will perhaps think my question impertinent, but I cannot refrain from asking your name. Excuse me—your face—"
"My friend," replied the hunter, "that is the only question to which I cannot reply; it would be easy for me to deceive you by giving you a ficitious name; I prefer to be silent. A man who bears my name knows not how to lie. Now I have refused to tell you my name, I dare not ask yours."

I have refused to sell you my name, I dare not ask yours."

The master of the farm did not reply.

"It seems that you also are obliged to conceal your name?" added the hunter.

"Yes, sir, that by while I pass in the neighborhood is not mine; of what use would it be for you to know it? I pass here by the name of Clande Gerard."

"At least," said the mother, "the gentleman must not imagine that my son has reason to blush for his real name. There are reasons which.—"

"He is like myself," said the hunter; "I tell
my name only to those who deserve to hear it,
and at this moment I believe you worthy of the
favor. I am Achille Murat, son of the King of
Nanles."

Claude Gerard and his mother fell on their aces as if thunderstruck by this great name. The prince, then a citizen of the United States, seeing them weep, could not comprehend this xocessive and prolonged emotion. As soon as Lande Gerard could speak, he pointed to the portratio of the King of Naples, suspended to the varil, surrounded by a green laurel wreath, and said to bis son;

Crantes Gerard Coma speas, in epotient to the wall, surrounded by a green laurel wreath, and said to his son: "There is your glorious father; he is the mastlet on his our glorious father; he is the mastlet on the said to his our glorious father; he is the mastlet of the said to his our glorious father; he is the mastlet of the said to his our great of this farm; it is to him that I owe all; one day when I was about to die, your father saved my life." "On the field of shoonor. I had forgotten myself; I had been infatuated and deserved dash; I was conducted to the gate of Livourna, with two of my comrades, as guilty as myself; we were fired upon; we fell; Muras thad arranged all this; with his money I came to America; my two commeds edied, two years alice, and Kew York; I am still alive, and this life I owe to your father; I have labored; I am comfortably situated; my shother, who had roceived notice from y docease, received a few years alterwards, a letter from her living son, which summoned her to America. The poor woman, who had wept so much, almost expired with joy at seeing me again. Now, if the son of my royal benefactor wishes my life, my property, my arms, all are his."

"I recognise, indeed, his hand in this, generous Joachim!" said Achille Marta, with tears in his eyes.
"He has pardoned many others," said Gerard.

eyes.
"He has pardoned many others," said Ger.
"He was not pardoned himself," replie

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

PEOPLE WHO NEVER GROW OLD.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

Event one is familiar with the story of Ponce de Leon, who came to the new world in search of the Fountain of Youth, the magic waters of which were fabled to possess the property of restoring the bloom and vigor of youth, and preserving it forever. He died without tasting of the blessed stream, and his name is inserbed on the long list of those who have chased will o' the wiseps, and respect disappointment and death; and with him the belief in this marvellous source of rijavenescence expired. But we are convinced that the Fountain of Youth is no fable. It exists somewhere. There are living among is individual who have tasted of this priceless beverage. We have seen with our own eyes people who never grow old. There are wondrous women, who, like Nison de L'Eucleo, preserve their facinations till fountsoror; beaux who are as killing at eighty as at twenty. Actors and dancing-masters are very apt to possess the sceres of the wonderful elixir. We have seen on the stage, brochease of sixty who would bear the scrutiory of an opera-glass of the highest magnifying power, and on the ball-room floor wonderful priests of Terpicitore, performing the evolutions of the marrika as gracefully as they walked through the stately minute de la cour with our grandmothers, and on attemptive in black postulous and raven curls, as they were in knoebreches and a powdered tie.

Jack Rivers is one of these. As he finanted along Washington Street the other day, in all the splendor of a blue bobtail and Genin beaver, flourishing a slender cane in his white gloved hand, I overheard a lady say to her companion, "What a charming young man in his white gloved hand, I overheard a lady say to her companion, "What a charming young man fair was very fast proposed to the travel of the say of the revolution. How many belies in the ways of old, when he went to London in a salling-vessel, and met Lord Byron in soc

woman to the hymeneal altar and become an homme rungs?

But one person ever beheld the interior of his acleping-chamber. That was young Gripes, foreman of the Alligator engine company. The next house to Rivers was on fire-Rivers' like from the believed to have caught. A ladder was planted,—Gripes ascended and sprang into the chamber of the beau, being his friend, and numeout of that room again an altered man, alid down the ladder, and was lost in the bury group of fremen. What he saw, long afterwards, he confessed to me, under the seal of secrecy. On entering the chamber he struck a light, turned on the gas, and went to the bed-side to arouse his is sleeping friend. Jack sprang up in the bed, and Gripes recoiled in assonishment.

He saw before him a palsied figure, the head quivering with palsied age. The checks had fallen in,—the lips were thin and shrunken, and the ghost addressed him, as he thrust a pair of bony legs out of bed, with a toothless mambling. The brilliant beau was gone,—in his place was a withered skeleton of fourscore years and ten. A set of teeth lay on the table,—a pair of false calves upon a chair,—a wig hung upon a block,—a roug-spot stood on the tollect table financh by a bunch of false whiskers. Bottles of ordial were ranged upon a shelf.

Gripes recovered from his surprise, and urged the withered beau to fly, pointing to the imminence of his danger.

"My dear boy," mumbled the old spectre, "the dem'd unpleasant to be roasted alive,—but I dread expoure worse. You have surprised my secret,—now begone and be silent, and leave me to my fate."

Gripes vanished, and inspired the firemen with such heroic vigor that they saved the house. Rivers sent out oceans of champages and thousands of cigars, But he has ever since avoided Gripes. He cannot endure the man who found out "how he made up."

There is some danger of his committing matrinous with a very charming bellie of eighteen, who was the episouser of all gyes at Kewport the past season. Should she marry him, it may be that his wealth and the propect of widowhood may purchase her silence, but we should rather look for an explosion and an exposure of the ways and means by which "people who never grow old "impose upon a credulous public, and particularly the fairer portion of it.

HEES AND HONEY.

REES AND HONEY.

IN America, owing to the extensive manufacture of sugar, honey is comparatively little used for domestic purposes. In some countries, however, it forms an important satelle form the receptacles of the rich products of their labors, finds a ready market among all civilized nations. It is said that England pays annually at least half a million dollars for fereign honey, and investigate of wax. In France and Spain many persons make a regular business of keeping bees, and bringing honey to market. The honey of Narbonne has the reputation of being the finess make in the regular business of keeping bees, and bringing honey to market. The honey of Narbonne has the reputation of being the finess make in the product of the present and the flavor are owing, in a great measure, as we learn from an English periodical, to the great variety of nourishment to which the bees are variety of nourishment to which the bees are variety of nourishment to which the bees are reasted. During a portion of the year the hives seasons they are placed in the surrounding meadows, or conveyed a distance of thirty or forty miles to a spot whence their industrious mantes many roam in their search for nectuaran interes among the sweet wild flowers of the low. The hill of Hynettes, near Athens, was in

immates may rosses where wild flowers of the tow Pyrenees.

The hill of Hymettus, near Athens, was in ancient years the most famous place in the world with bees, from whose hives the best of Article honey was obtained. A writer says that "the hill is now where it was and as it was when Themistocles fought the Persians—covered with wild thyme, giving employment to those hamble laborers, who, in uninterrupted succession have compied the spot from the most prosperous days of Athens to the present bour. They are kept of the property of the

"YOU ARE A BRICK."

"YOU ARE A BRICK."

A certain college professor had assembled his class at the commencement of the term, and was reading over the list of names to see that all were present. It chanced that one of the number was unknown to the professor, having just entered the class.

"What is your name, sir?" asked the professor, looking through his spectacles.

"You are a drive." was the statement of the composed of the composed imperimence, but not quite sure that he had understood him correctly. "Sir, I did not exactly understand your answer."

"You are a brick," was again the composed reply.

You are a brick," was again the composed reply,
"This is intolerable!" said the professor, his face reddening. "Beware, young man, how you attempt to insult me!"
"Insult you!" said the student, in turn astonished. "How have I done it?"
"Did you not say I was a brick?" returned the professor, with indignation.
"No, sit; you state to May Janae is U. R. A. Brick—Uriah Reynolds Anderson Brick."
"Ah!" nurmured the professor, sinking back into his seat in confusion. "It is a misconception on my part. Will you commence the lesson, Mr.—ahem—Mr. Brick!"—Yankee Blade.

ERRORS OF THE PRISS.

A collection of errors of the preas of the malignant typewould be amongs; the curtosities of literature. Bayle records several curious specimens. In the loyal Courier of former days, it appeared that his majesty, Goroge IV, had a fit of the goat at Brighton. We have seen advertised a sermon, by a celebrated divine, on the track of the country of the country of the property of the property

MOUNT ARARAT.

MOUNT ARARAT.

I climbed up a solitary rock, says Layard, to take the bearings of the principal peaks around us. A sight as maniferent production of the production of the page states 14th (a) note as the bottom of the page states 14th miles), and high above the dark mountain ranges, which spread like a troubled see beneath my feet, rose one solitary cone of unspotted white, sparkling in the rays of the sun. Its form could not be mistaken the same of the state of the st

Themistocles being asked how he would marry daughter; whether to one of small fortune, honest; or to one that was rich, but of an reputation? made answer thus: I had rather re a man without an estate, than to have an

Jester's Picnic.

A "Matter of Feet" Mon.—When Dr. Bradon was rector of Etham, in Kent, England, the
text he one day took to preach from was.—"Who
text he one day took to preach from was.—"Who
was his caston) a panse for the text he made (as
reflect upon the words, when a gentleman in miltiary dress, who was marching very sedately up
the middle siale of the church, supposing it to be
a question addressed to bin, to the surprise of
all present replied, "I am, sir, an officer of the
17th foot, on a recruiting party here; and havn a recruiting party here; and a and family with me, I wish with the neighboring gentry

A Datchman at Amheruburg (Canada) heasing of the accident on the Groat Western Realway, and of large same paid to the relatives of
parties killed, in the warmth of his heart szclaimed, "Oh! I wish mine wife had been there
—I would have got \$5000!" The wife hearing
offit, called him to account, when he denied the
fidelity of the report, and said, "No, mine dear—
1 said \$50,000." when the good woman seemed
well pleased to find how highly she was estimatted.

A trifling mintake.—Lover tells a good ance dots of an irishman giving the password at the battle of Rontenoy, at the time Saxe was marsishal. "The password is 'Saxe'; now, don't forget it," said the colonet to Fat. "Fair! and Fail! and Fail! and marsish and the colonet of Fat. "Fair! and Fail! and marsish and the post. Pat looked as confidently as posted ble, and, in a sort of whispered how!, replied, "Bags, your honor."

Ministerial punning.—At a meeting of clergy men not long since, a reverend geutleman by the name of Loss, of dimensions somewhat extended both laterally and altitudinally, presented him self. Bays one of the brethren to him, "When self. Bays one of the brethren to him, "One of the your left your people you were a great Loss." Yes," said another, "but when he dies he will be no Loss. "Yes," says a third, "he will be idead Loss."

Some one having stated that the best way to preserve apples from rotting was to pack them in salt, the clittor of the Albany Knickerobeck tried the experiment. He says they have kept for three years, and they would keep in all the post of the contract of

The Porland Advertiser says that a day or two since a bolt of canvass fell overboard from a scamboat lying at one of the wharres in that city, when the captain immediately jumped after it, exclaiming as he got on board again, "As I went in for a duck, I was bound to have the concess tock."

Webster once had a difficult case to plead, and a verdict was rendered against his client. One of the witnesses came to him and said—"Mr. Webster, if I had thought we should have lost be case, I might have testified a great deal more than the said." It is of no consequence, said the law, "the jury did not believe a word you said," "".

"Halloo, driver, your wheel's turning rous sang out a little urchin to a cart driver, who driving furiously funding Water Street, the olday. Carry pulled up and looked anxious first on one side and then on the other." In media look—now it's supped!" coolly ad the provoking little rascal.

"Mr. Witness, you have said that while walking with an umbrella over your head, you fell
into this reservoir and was badly injured. Did
you break any bones, sir, at that time?" I'd
did, sir." "What bones?" "Whalebones,
sir!"

No, he wasn't. He bought two bottles of "ketch-up" and got ahead.—Louisville Journal.

The famous saying of Shakspeare, that "there is a divinity which shapes our ends," is illustrated in the employment of some 1000 pretty girls at Milford, in making gentlemen's gaiter boots.

A trio of curious queries.—What is the depth of the deepest anxiety? When a man looks well can he see any better? What is the distance of an object when it is farthest from your thoughts?

An editor became martial, and was created a captain. On parade, instead of, "two paces in front—advance," he unconsciously exclaimed, "Cash—two dollars a year in advance." POETICALLY EAST.

O, there is not in the wide world a pleasure so sweet,
As to sit near the window and tilt up your feet;
Pull away at the Cuba, whose flavor just suits,
And gase at the world, 'twixt the toes of your boots!

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